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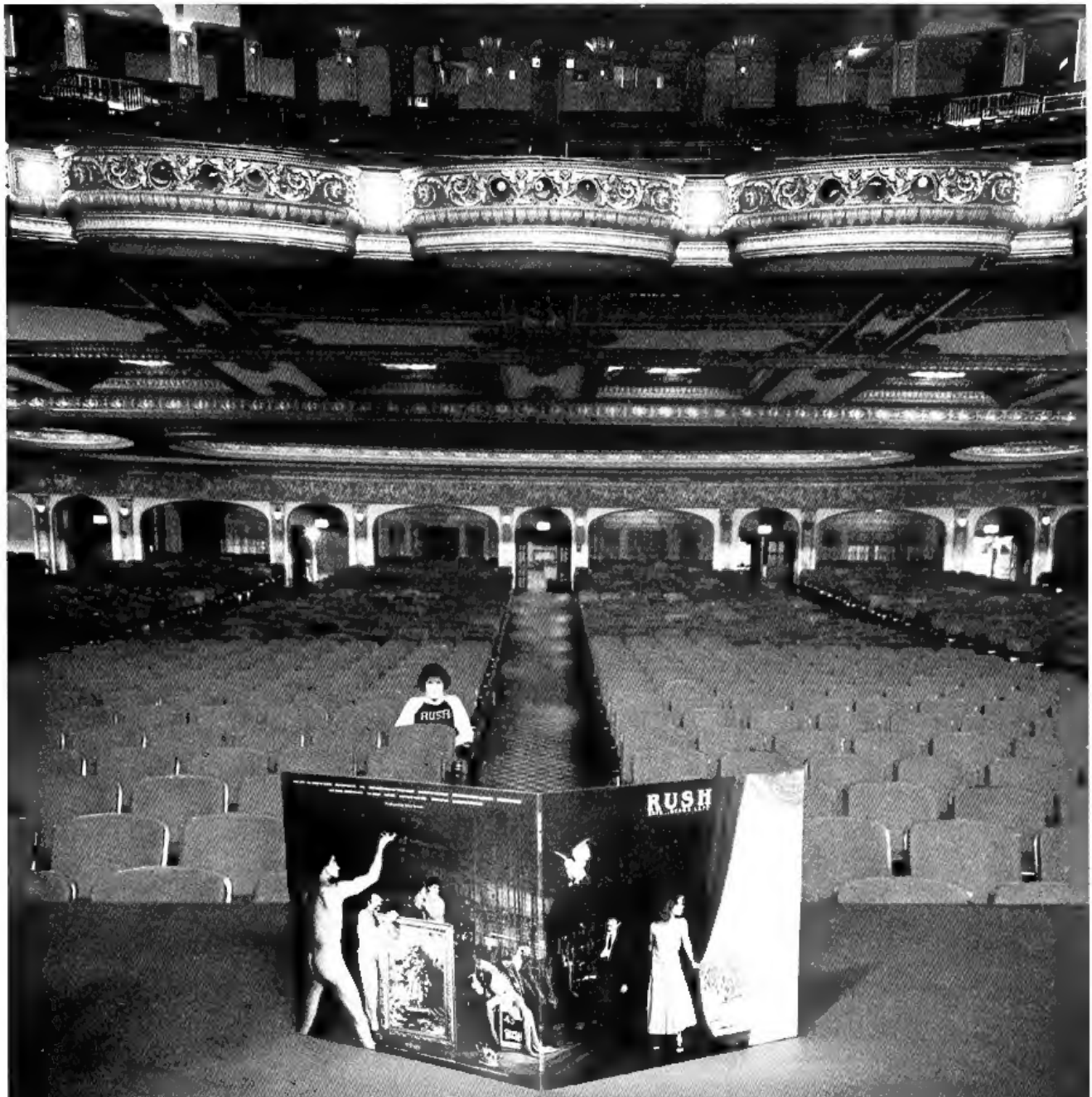

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JANUARY 1982

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HEAVY METAL

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Guest Art Director: **Michael Gross**

Contributing Editor: **Brad Balfour**

Copy Editor: **Judith Sonntag**

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EDITORIAL

Photograph by Dean Chamberlain

The dawning of a new age. Sounds corny, doesn't it? Or is it "the eve of destruction," as the song goes? Just as corny, I think. But I remember when I was eight or nine getting a magazine called *Junior Scholastic*. An issue arrived one month with a cover story about the future. The future, then, was 1980. The issue predicted clothes being washed while we wore them; everyone was plugged in to teaching machines while asleep. Cars floated on air cushions, and we all rode to work in monorails. Huge weather stations controlled storms, and travel to Mars was a daily event. The future was to be a rosy, Disney-colored fun fest fraught with no greater problems than what the day's synthetic home-computer marvel would be.

Then, not too many years later, as the Aquarian Age was in full swing, the doomsayers held sway with predictions a la *1984* and *Brave New World*. Either pollution or overpopulation would kill us if we didn't blow up the planet first—that is, if we didn't change our rampant technological ways and our dependence on scientific solutions rather than humanistic ones. The debate still rages, and the dichotomy of those two future scenarios within my consciousness still plagues me.

On the one hand, I marvel at the pleasures and possibilities of our technology; the cluster of conceptual realizations it offers in terms of human growth, both physical and cultural, impresses me. We have paper clothes, chemicals that alter moods and memory, full-body scanners, and surgical techniques to sew on limbs. Bullet trains carry passengers at speeds of 300 miles an hour, while jets travel between New York and London so fast that because of the reversal of time zones, a person can arrive before the hour when he left. The acceleration of technological development has far surpassed what was expected fifty years ago or even in the twenty years since I read that grade-school magazine.

And accordingly, the world problems seem far more severe. Radiation wars are possible with the neutron bomb, while the advent of regular satellite launchings could lead to war in space at any time. From the ravages of the extreme right wing to the terrorism of the extreme left, peace seems buried forever. The gulf between poor and rich nations is wider than ever before, while the commonly held notions of good and evil are more obscure. Consensus reality seems to be slipping away, so we grasp at some conceptual thread, however fragile, to unite us. Even if it's something as rigid as the Moral Majority or the Moonies, we seek solace in it.

Somewhere between the doom and the techno-nirvana lies the actuality. The problem is in the perception of that actuality. How we view the future affects its outcome. And since the future is just that—"the future"—it is an unreality as yet unformed. Yet because so many people stand transfixed by static notions of what must be, they become immobilized. They neither see the future as a process they play a part in nor do they understand that it is not the extremes but the tensions (and often, the chaos) in between. Because the objective of a future seems so distant and hazy in the clear light of day-to-day present, people see it as disconnected from their own reality. It's no wonder the future seems full of extremes. Most people trust only their past in order to plot their future.

Any view of the future, any acceptance of it, makes way for a happy future. To have a future is in itself a happy prospect. Barring the possibility of dire dystopia, the act of living the future is sufficient. Survival is what matters; understanding how to survive is what counts. Unless the collapse of the species is imminent, we seem fated (or doomed, depending on your own individual gloominess) to survive. That is inherent in our definition of ourselves as a living species, however young a species we may be.

—BB

CHAIN MAIL

Segrelles Fever

Good Sir:

I comment on your issue dated October 1981, featuring "The Mercenary," by Segrelles. Good show! That has got to be some of the finest imaginative illustration work I've seen in some time. Detail coupled with subtlety and assurance of knowledge in anatomy, along with a mastery of painting skills, lay the foundation for a winning artist. I am already in anticipation of the forthcoming next chapter. Please continue.

Edwin Aubortouz
Lake Station, Ind.

Dear Sir,

I just wanted to say that I have never seen a better issue of *Heavy Metal* than the November 1981 issue. The artwork of Segrelles is comparable to Frank Frazetta's. I hope he remains with you in all future issues.

Carl Armstrong
Patton, Calif.

Misc. Repartee

Dear Sir,

The recent conclusion of Howard Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" serial left me knocked out and begging for more. Lots more. I'm anxiously awaiting the next adventure. Perhaps Cody's heroics will be rewarded properly next trip, since the ending of this round left Cody and myself unsatisfied. Mr. Starbuck loses the girl and gets stuck with Porfirio (not that he's that bad a friend. . .). At least one consolation is the extremely dramatic way the story ended. Colorful, exciting, and thought provoking. Sounds like a good movie.

Keep "Shakespeare for Americans" going. It's very funny. One question, though—how about giving Upstart Theater more pages to work with on those longer Shakespeare pieces?

Gary Young
Columbus, Ohio

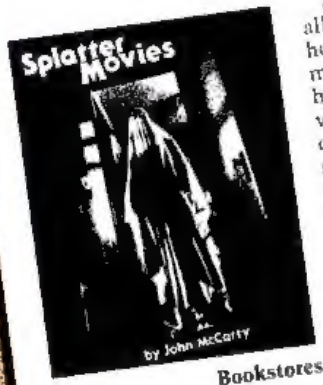
Let's be honest. All you really need is one page: a sword fight here, a love scene there, and a few jousting matches thrown in between.

The Eds.

Heavy Metal *is always looking for comments on each issue. If you have any views you'd like to share, write Chain Mail,* Heavy Metal *Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Sorry, letters cannot be returned.*

If you like *Heavy Metal*, you'll love *Splatter Movies!*

by John McCarty



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4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES. HARPOON A FAT CHICK!

(ACTUAL TYPESTYLE WILL BE DIFFERENT)

11. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW
17. IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WEENIES
20. MINE'S BIGGER
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
24. PARTY SIZE!
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS
42. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT

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Storyboard for 60-second Othello spot.

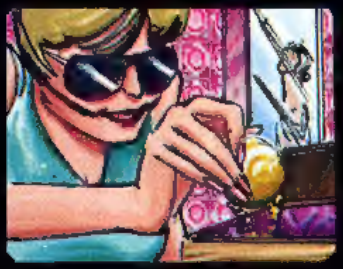
HMTV

(VO) Beneath the glitter of the show-biz world of Vegas lies the tawdry underbelly of organized crime, where the only law is the Main Chance...

Iago: I tell you, Rod. I break my back for that yam when he promotes Casey over me. I'm going to nail him good--and get that Desiree back to you into the bargain.

Iago: See, what'd I tell you? She's screwing around with him behind your back.

Othello: I can't believe it.



(VO)...where even the innocent are caught in webs of duplicity...

Casey: Marry her? Are you kidding?

Othello: He's got my medallion. The one I gave to Desiree.

(VO)...where the net of subterfuge falls on the shoulders of those who least deserve it...

Desiree: Willow, weep for meeeee. Thanks--I love you all.

(VO)...and where death is swift and scarlet both for the guilty--

(VO)--and the virtuous.

(VO) Upstart Theater presents...

(VO)...Othello.

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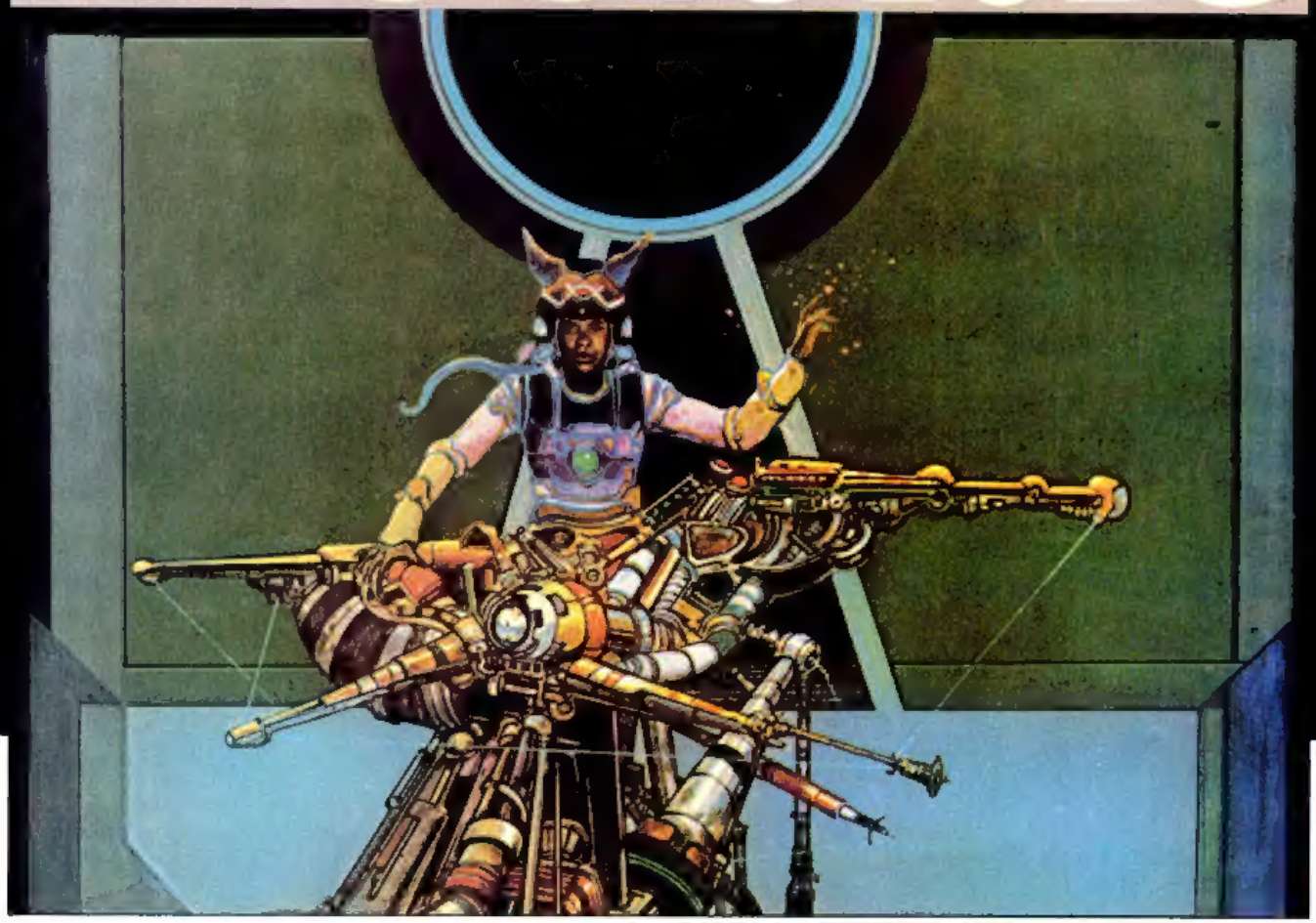

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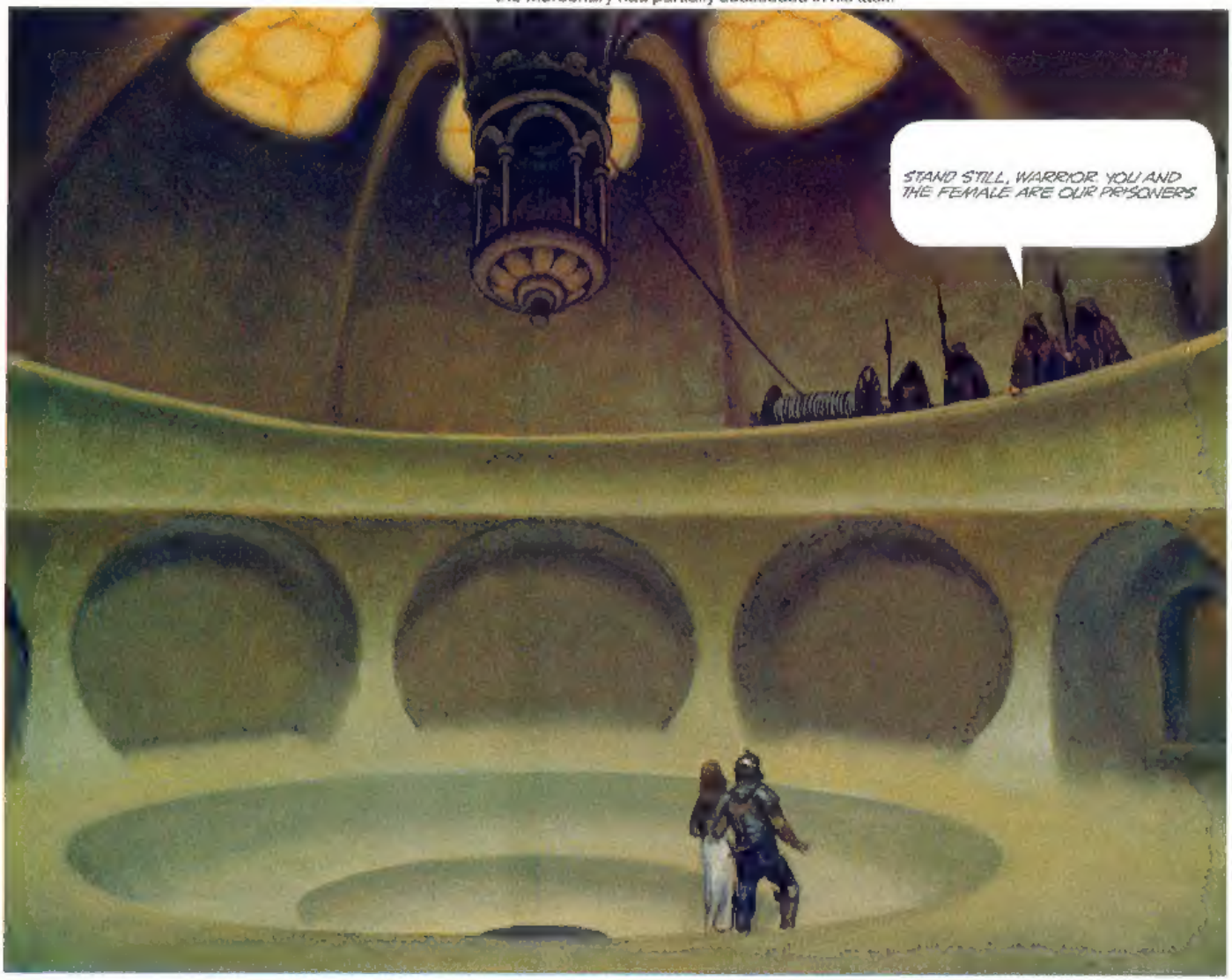
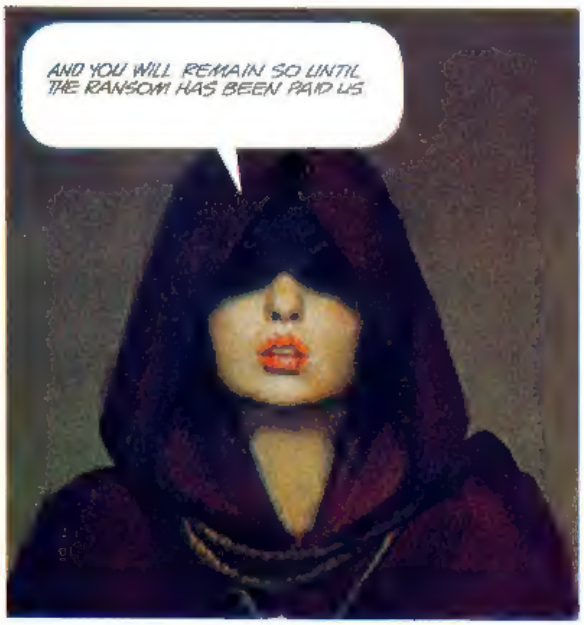
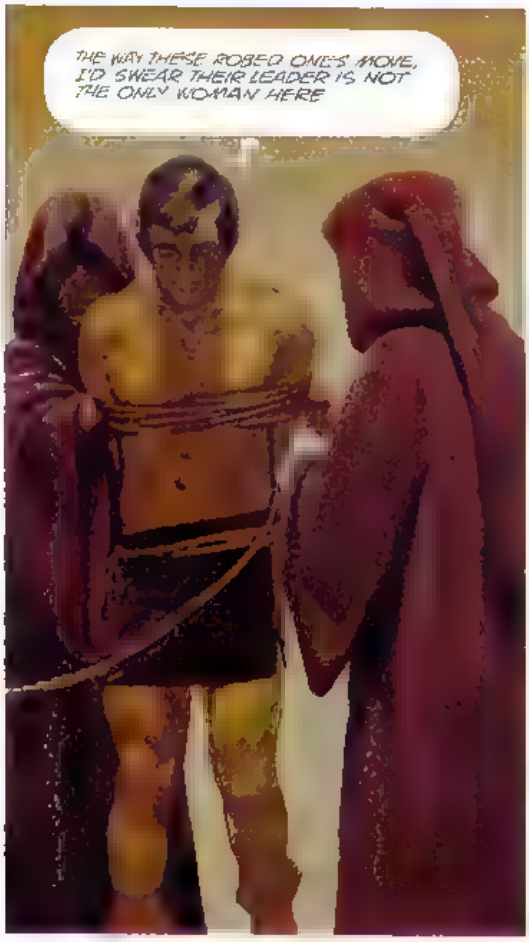




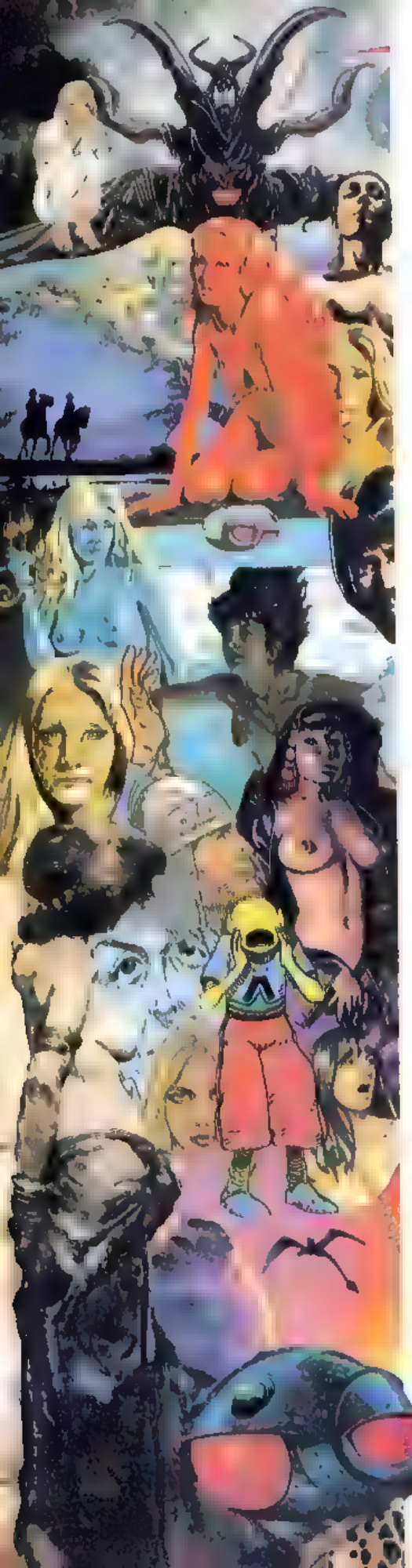
THE KNIFE IS MY ONLY WEAPON...
...AND MY ARMOR COSTS A YEAR'S HARD-FOUGHT WAGES.
THE BELT, WARRIOR. REMOVE IT. YOU ARE NOT PERMITTED TO KEEP METALLIC THINGS.
MY BELT? YOU THINK I'LL USE IT TO FIGHT MY WAY FREE?
PERHAPS, WARRIOR, WHICH IS WHY I SHALL NOT PROVIDE YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO. A ROPE BELT WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.
AND NOW YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO YOUR CELLS. BUT REMEMBER, WARRIOR, RESIST US AND YOU WILL DIE... IN A MOST FRIGHTFUL MANNER.

BIND THE MALE FIRST!


THE WAY THESE ROBED ONES MOVE, I'D SWEAR THEIR LEADER IS NOT THE ONLY WOMAN HERE

JUST AS I WOULD SWEAR THAT I'VE BEEN TRUSSED UP LIKE SOME GAMING FOWL BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT SO SURE THEIR PRISON COULD HOLD ME

TO BE CONTINUED



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#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim and yet more Den ($3.00

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#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Ga and yet more Heilman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights ($3.00

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#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's Sindbad Moebius's Major Heilman Orion Long Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00

#19/OCTOBER 1978 Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin the debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus the usual ($3.00

#20/NOVEMBER 1978 Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978 The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979 Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's late show ($3.00

#25/APRIL 1979 Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Vaughn Mayerik's Time Out And much more ($3.00

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's Dancin and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous ($3.00

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's Zooks premieres Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Geographic Bode more $3.00

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979 Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and Little Red Vette alongside Moebius and Moebius $3.00

#31/OCTOBER 1979 Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius Braccia Druillet Suydam others ($3.00

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Let us give thanks for Corben's Rowlf Bode's Zooks Brunner's Elric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza Corben Kofoed Suydam Silks Trina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants ($3.00

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more! $3.00

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip $3.00)

#36 MARCH 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980 Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Dor of Jada? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00

#39/JUNE 1980 Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Stamp saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" $3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980 Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress" $3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss, Spain Druillet Yeates Ha Howarth Kierkegaard Jr. Colon and Matena and not to be missed! $3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated Bloodstar. Crepax's Valentina, and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," Rock Opera, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Woods makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres, and Rock Opera. Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon." Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981: William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while The Horny Goof, an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction: Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself! ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981: Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!" Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortal's Fete." Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge," and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981: The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: "Caza," Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981: Spinrad on the Immoral Majority, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981: Richard Corben's "Den 1," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen," Infantrymen!" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror. ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981: "Shakespeare for Americans," the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeronaton's "Egg of the World," Jeff Jones, Sagralles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully. ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals Fete." ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982: Our Happy Future issue includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, He and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man" by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko et al. ($3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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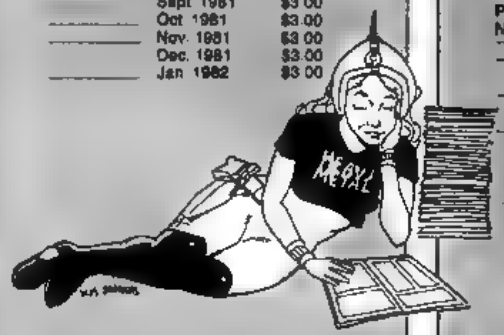

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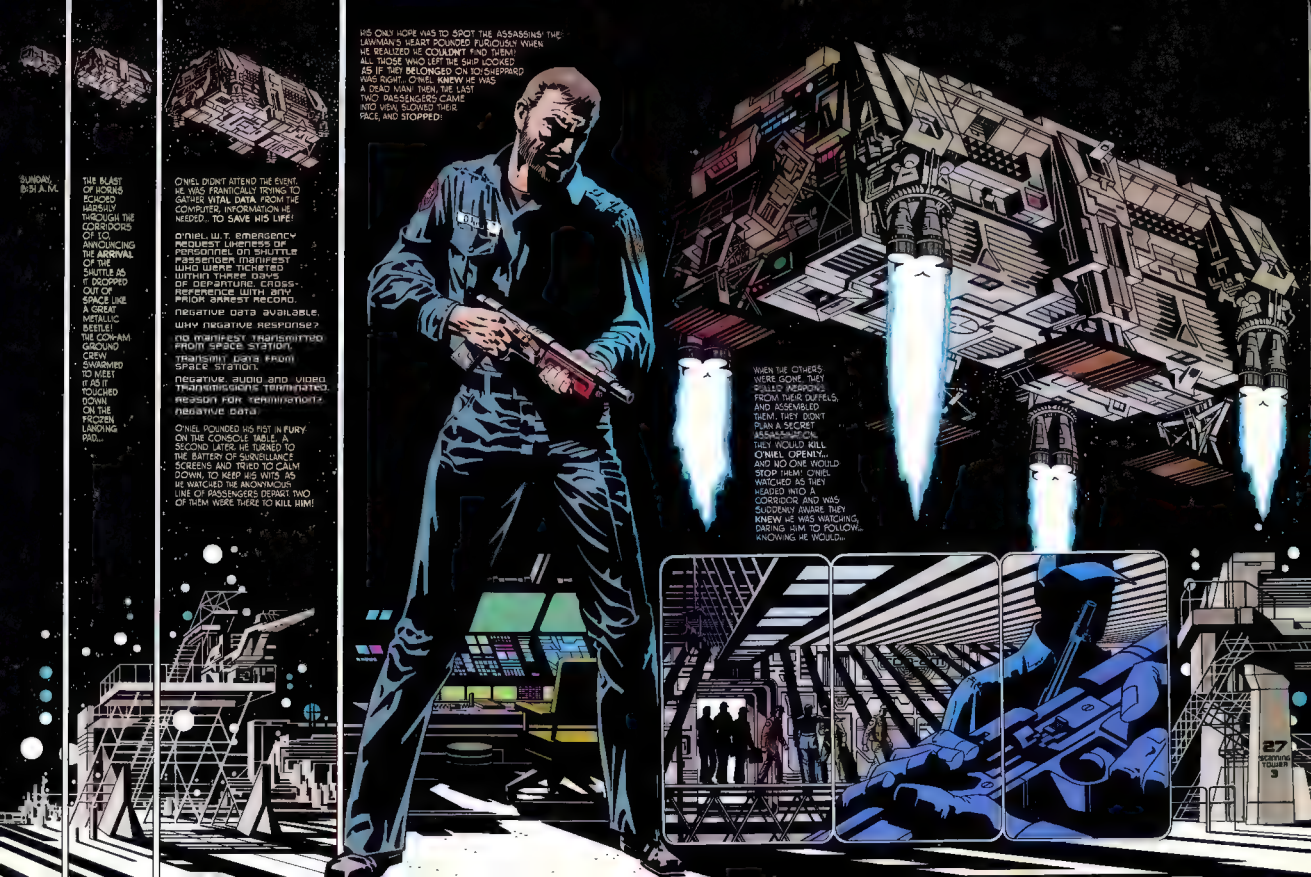
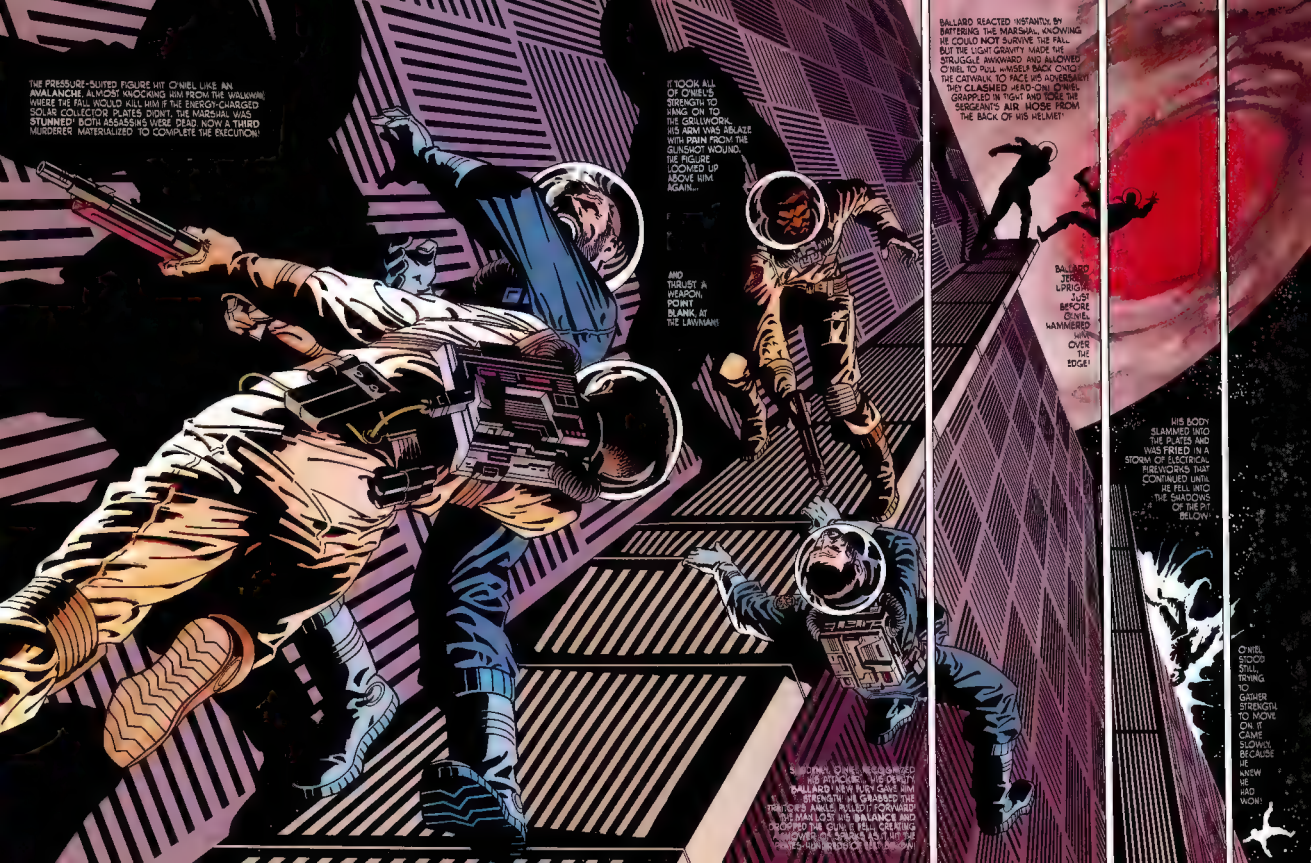
OUTLAND
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
STERANKO
SATURDAY, 1:23 P.M. O'NEIL'S OFFICE. WITH THE EVIDENCE PRE-SHIPMENT SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY WITH A TAPE RECORDING OF SHEPPARD'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE CONSPIRACY, THE MARSHAL HAD THE HARD EVIDENCE HE NEEDED AGAINST THE DRUG RUNNERS. HE'D STOP THE DEATHS ON IO IF HE COULD. ELUDE THE ASSASSINS SHEPPARD HAD ORDERED ONTO THE NEXT SHUTTLE. O'NEIL PREPARED FOR THE FINAL ENCOUNTER WHEN THE PHONE BUZZED...
CAROL... I'VE MISSED YOU AND PAULIE!
WE'VE MISSED YOU, BIL... VERY MUCH!
OUR RESERVATIONS FOR THE TRIP BACK TO EARTH HAVE COME THROUGH! WE BOOKED A SEAT FOR YOU! I KNOW HOW STUBBORN YOU CAN BE WHEN YOU'RE ONTO SOMETHING, BU... BUT IS IT WORTH GIVING UP YOUR FAMILY FOR? IS IT THAT IMPORTANT? I HOPE THIS ISN'T GOOD-BYE. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BILL! I LOVE YOU
THE MOMENTARY SMILE GENTLED TO MARK THE PAIN AND LONELINESS THAT FILLED THE GULF BETWEEN THEM. IT HAD ALL BEEN SAID BEFORE! HERE HAD NEED TO SAY IT AGAIN. O'NEIL STOOD TRANSFIXED, TRYING TO HOLD HER IMAGE AS THE SCREEN WENT BLACK. HE NEEDED HELP. MOMENTS LATER HE LEFT THE ROOM.
IT LOOKS LIKE AN EPIDEMIC IN THE OLD HIPPOCRATIC, MARSHAL! I'M GUESSING THAT EVERYONE WILL BE SICK WHEN THE SHUTTLE GETS IN TOMORROW!
HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! IF IT'S CHARACTER YOU WANT, THIS IS THE WRONG PLACE! ANYWAY, WHY STICK YOUR NECK OUT, FOR GOD'S SAKE?
THE MACHINE WORKS BECAUSE EVERYONE DOES WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DO! I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO - MY LITTLE PART IN THE ROTTEN MACHINE! I WANT TO FIND OUT IF THEY'RE RIGHT!
HOW ABOUT YOU, BALLARD? WOULD YOU AND THE OTHERS LIKE TO FIND OUT?
SHUTTLE
IN TRANSIT
ARRIVAL
74:20:
BALLARD STARTED TO ANSWER, BUT COULDN'T FIND THE WORDS. HE SLOWLY TURNED AWAY FROM THE SHUTTLE CLOCK AS IT COUNTED DOWN THE HOURS, MINUTES, AND SECONDS...


SUNDAY, 8:51 A.M.
THE BLAST OF HORNS ECHOED HARSHLY THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF I.O. ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHUTTLE AS IT DROPPED OUT OF SPACE LIKE A GREAT METALLIC BEETLE! THE CONAM GROUND CREW SWARMED TO MEET IT AS IT POUCHED DOWN ON THE FROZEN LANDING PAD...
O'NIEL DIDN'T ATTEND THE EVENT. HE WAS FRANTICALLY TRYING TO GATHER VITAL DATA FROM THE COMPUTER, INFORMATION HE NEEDED... TO SAVE HIS LIFE!
O'NIEL: W.T. EMBASSENY REQUEST LIKENESS OF PERSONNEL ON SHUTTLE PASSENGER MANIFEST WHO WERE TICKETED WITHIN THREE DAYS OF DEPARTURE. CROSS-REFERENCE WITH ANY PRIOR ARREST RECORD.
NEGATIVE DATA AVAILABLE. WHY NEGATIVE RESPONSE?
NO MANIFEST TRANSMITTED FROM SPACE STATION.
TRANSMIT DATA FROM SPACE STATION.
NEGATIVE. AUDIO AND VIDEO TRANSMISSIONS TERMINATED. REASON FOR TERMINATION?
NEGATIVE DATA.
O'NIEL POUNDED HIS FIST IN FURY ON THE CONSOLE TABLE. A SECOND LATER, HE TURNED TO THE BATTERY OF SURVEILLANCE SCREENS AND TRIED TO CALM DOWN, TO KEEP HIS WITS AS HE WATCHED THE ANONYMOUS LINE OF PASSENGERS DEPART. TWO OF THEM WERE THERE TO KILL HIM!
HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO SPOT THE ASSASSINS! THE LAWMAN'S HEART POUNDED FURIOUSLY WHEN HE REALIZED HE COULDN'T FIND THEM! ALL THOSE WHO LEFT THE SHIP LOOKED AS IF THEY BELONGED ON IO: SHEPPARD WAS RIGHT... O'NIEL KNEW HE WAS A DEAD MAN! THEN, THE LAST TWO PASSENGERS CAME INTO VIEW. SLOWED THEIR PACE, AND STOPPED:
WHEN THE OTHERS WERE GONE, THEY PULLED WEAPONS FROM THEIR DUFFELS, AND ASSEMBLED THEM. THEY DIDN'T PLAN A SECRET ASSASSINATION. THEY WOULD KILL O'NIEL OPENLY... AND NO ONE WOULD STOP THEM! O'NIEL WATCHED AS THEY HEADED INTO A CORRIDOR AND WAS SUDDENLY AWARE THEY KNEW HE WAS WATCHING, DARING HIM TO FOLLOW... KNOWING HE WOULD...
27
SCANNING TOWER 3

THE CON-AM COMPLEX LOOKED DESERTED AS IF SOME POWER HAD ELIMINATED EVERYTHING BETWEEN O'NEIL AND THE KILLERS. THE WORD WAS OUT.
SHEPPARD WAS THE POWER. AND HE WANTED NO WITNESSES TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED. BUT THE LAWMAN HAD HIS OWN PLAN. TO INTERCEPT THE PAIR OF ASSASSINS WHERE HE MIGHT HAVE AN EDGE. HE COUNTED HEAVILY ON HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE MINING COLONY'S LAYOUT AND DECIDED ON THE CAFETERIA... IT WAS AN OBSTACLE COURSE TO ANYONE NOT FAMILIAR WITH IT. O'NEIL SHUT OFF THE CORRIDOR LIGHTS AND ENTERED THE ROOM.
HE STOPPED, LISTENING FOR THE SMALLEST SOUND. BUT HEARD NOTHING EXCEPT THE ROAR OF HIS OWN HEART BEATING. HIS MOUTH WAS BONE DRY AS HE PICKED UP AN ASHTRAY AND HURLED IT ACROSS THE ROOM. STILL NOTHING!
IF THEY WERE THERE, O'NEIL HAD TO MAKE HIMSELF A TARGET. HE MOVED AWAY FROM THE WALL, AS IF INTO AN ARENA.
SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION OF SEMI-AUTOMATIC TRACERS SHATTERED THE SILENCE. THEY CAME FROM THE CEILING GRILL ABOVE THE LAWMAN, AND TORE INTO HIS SHOULDER! AWARE OF HIM, ANOTHER BLAST ROCKED THE ROOM, CREATING A DEADLY CROSSFIRE. BUT O'NEIL MOVED SWIFTLY, ROLLING AND TWISTING ACROSS THE FLOOR AS HE SPOTTED THE ASSASSIN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER OF HIS RIOT GUN! THE DARK FIGURE CRUMPLED AS RUNNING FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED FROM ABOVE!
con-am
HE SWORE AS THE SEARING PAIN IN HIS ARM ALMOST MADE HIM PASS OUT. THEN, HE GOT UP!

O'NIEL KNEW THE KILLER WOULD CUT HIM OFF, TRAP HIM IN ONE OF THE LONG, STRAIGHT CORRIDORS... AND HE WAS LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLOOD A BLIND MAN COULD FOLLOW! HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING QUICK!!
THEN, HE NOTICED A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA TRACKING HIM! SOMEONE WAS WATCHING HIM... FRIEND OR ENEMY? MAYBE HIS DEPUTIES WOULD RALLY TO HIS DEFENSE. HE GOT AN IDEA, AND SIGNALED TO HAVE THE ACCESS CORRIDORS LOCKED BY REMOTE CONTROL. IT SHOULD FORCE THE HIT MAN ALONG THE RIGHT ROUTE... O'NIEL CLIMBED PRIMITIVELY INTO A PRESSURE SUIT AND VANISHED THROUGH THE AIRLOCK. MOMENTS LATER, HE WAS OUTSIDE THE MINING COMPLEX, MOVING TO A VANTAGE POINT WHERE HE COULD OBSERVE ANY MOVEMENT IN THE PASSAGEWAY BELOW!
AND A FEW MINUTES AGO GONE BY WHEN THE LAWMAN SPOTTED THE ASSASSIN INSIDE ON THE GREENHOUSE CATWALK! BUT BEFORE HE COULD MAKE A MOVE, THE EXTERIOR LIGHTS BLAZED ON... SOMEONE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE HE WAS! THE LIGHTS GAVE THE MARSHAL AN IDEA! HE'D LET THE GUNMAN SEE HIM THROUGH THE HEAVY, TRANSLUCENT CEILING PANELS!
HE SCRAPED HIS SUIT SHOE, LOUDLY, ACROSS A WINDOW...
...WAITED A FEW SECONDS, THEN JUMPED ACROSS TO ANOTHER SECTION!
ALMOST AT ONCE, THE MAN FIRED HIS WEAPON, PUNCTURING THE GREENHOUSE WALL!
AIR BEGAN TO ESCAPE! AND THE MAN RAN FOR THE GREENHOUSE DOOR! IT WAS SEALED!
THE PANIC-TERED THE PANEL, AND INTERIOR PRESSURE BLEW IT VIOLENTLY INTO SPACE! THE GUNMAN CROUCHED DOWN AS THE OTHER PANELS CRACKED UNDER THE RAPID DEPRESSURIZATION! THE CONTENTS OF THE GREENHOUSE WERE SUCKED THROUGH THE BREAKS... INCLUDING THE SCREAMING KILLER.
WHEN IT WAS OVER, O'NIEL STOOD UP AGAIN. HE DID NOT SEE THE SHADOW THAT PURSUED HIM!


THE PRESSURE-SUITED FIGURE HIT O'NEIL LIKE AN AVALANCHE. ALMOST KNOCKING HIM FROM THE WALKWAY, WHERE THE FALL WOULD KILL HIM IF THE ENERGY-CHARGED SOLAR COLLECTOR PLATES DIDN'T. THE MARSHAL WAS STUNNED! BOTH ASSASSINS WERE DEAD. NOW A THIRD MURDERER MATERIALIZED TO COMPLETE THE EXECUTION!
IT TOOK ALL OF O'NEIL'S STRENGTH TO HANG ON TO THE GRILLWORK. HIS ARM WAS ABLAZE WITH PAIN FROM THE GUNSHOT WOUND. THE FIGURE LOOMED UP ABOVE HIM AGAIN...
AND THRUST A WEAPON, POINT BLANK, AT THE LAWMAN!
BALLARD REACTED INSTANTLY BY BATTERING THE MARSHAL, KNOWING HE COULD NOT SURVIVE THE FALL. BUT THE LIGHT GRAVITY MADE THE STRUGGLE AWKWARD AND ALLOWED O'NEIL TO PULL HIMSELF BACK ONTO THE CATWALK TO FACE HIS ADVERSARY! THEY CLASHED HEAD-ON! O'NEIL GRAPPLED IN VAIN AND TORE THE SERGEANT'S AIR HOSE FROM THE BACK OF HIS HELMET!
BALLARD STRUGGLED UPRIGHT JUST BEFORE O'NEIL HAMMERED HIM OVER THE EDGE!
HIS BODY SLAMMED INTO THE PLATES AND WAS FRIED IN A STORM OF ELECTRICAL FIREWORKS THAT CONTINUED UNTIL HE FELL INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE PIT, BELOW!
O'NEIL STOOD STILL, TRYING TO GATHER STRENGTH TO MOVE ON. IT CAME SLOWLY, BECAUSE HE KNEW HE HAD WON!
SECONDS, O'NEIL RECOGNIZED THE ATTACKER. HIS IDENTITY BALLARD KNEW RUBY GAVE HIM STRENGTH! HE GRABBED THE TRIGGER FINGER, PULLED FORWARD! THE MAN LOST HIS BALANCE AND DROPPED THE GUN, FALLING SCREAMING INTO THE DARKNESS BELOW!

SUNDAY, 3:30 P.M.

DR. LAZARUS TENDED TO O'NIEL'S WOUND AS SHE TOLD HIM HOW SHE HAD WATCHED HIS PROGRESS ON THE SECURITY-OFFICE VIDEO SCREENS. SHE HAD SEALED OFF THE ACCESS CORRIDORS AND TURNED ON THE EXTERIOR LIGHTS TO HELP THE MARSHAL. "YOU DID GOOD," THE LAWMAN TOLD HER AS THEY SAID GOOD-BYE. HE HAD ONE FINAL TASK TO UNDERTAKE

THE CROWDED LOUNGE FELL **SILENT** WHEN HE ENTERED. WITHOUT STOPPING, HE STRODE DIRECTLY TO SHEPPARD'S TABLE AND AIMED HIS WEAPON, POINT BLANK, AT THE GENERAL MANAGER. THE ARROGANCE HAD TURNED TO STARK **FEAR!** FURY BLAZED IN O'NIEL'S EYES. HIS MOUTH WAS A HARD, ANGRY LINE. HIS TEMPLES PULSED WITH HATRED. BUT HE COULD **NOT** PULL THE TRIGGER. HE DROPPED THE GUN AND **SHOOK**, PHYSICALLY! THEN, HE STRUCK OUT, EXPLOSIVELY, SMASHING HIS FIST IN THE FAT MAN'S FACE

SHEPPARD WENT DOWN, AND O'NIEL WAS ON HIM, BATTERING HIM INTO BLOODY UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HIS FIST ROSE AND FELL, AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH THE HARD, RELENTLESS FORCE OF A JACKHAMMER. HE STOPPED WHEN HE COULD **NOT** RAISE HIS ARM AGAIN! NO ONE MOVED UNTIL THE LAWMAN LEFT THE ROOM.

O'NIEL TRANSMITTED A MESSAGE TO THE SPACE STATION. HE'D BE ON TIME FOR THE TRIP BACK TO **EARTH** WITH HIS WIFE AND SON IF HE COULD MAKE THE RETURN SHUTTLE! HE CLOSED THE SECURITY-OFFICE DOOR FOR THE LAST TIME!

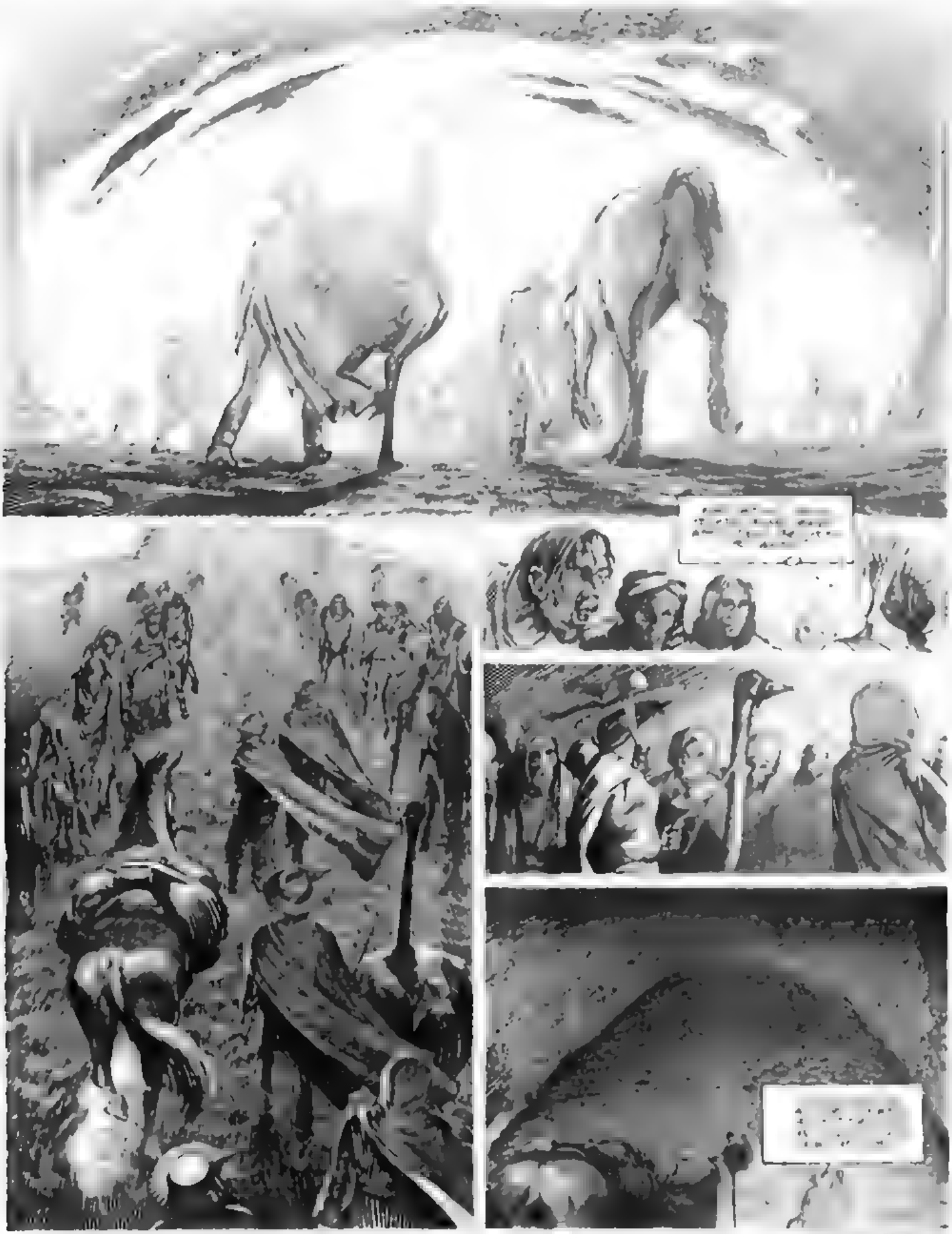
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AN INDICTMENT WAS ISSUED, ALONG WITH **ARREST WARRANTS** FOR A LONG LIST OF PEOPLE

THE MACHINE HAD BROKEN DOWN. .

SECURE IT WELL THAT'S PRECIOUS CARGO YOU'VE GOT THERE
AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA
LAST WE SAW, THE MEN, UNDAUNTED BY THE EXTREME CONDITIONS OF THE THICK TERRAIN, TROD ON TO DISCOVER THEIR ROOTS, AS IT WERE AND HOW IN THE HELL THEIR ANCESTORS COULD ACTUALLY FLY
DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND IT I'M SURE OF IT
IF EEN DAYS OF THIS HELL ALREADY I CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER
I WOULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED IT COULD BE LIKE THIS
IT MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE ALL POINTS LEAD TO THIS SPOT
WE HAVE ONLY TO WAIT AND HOPE

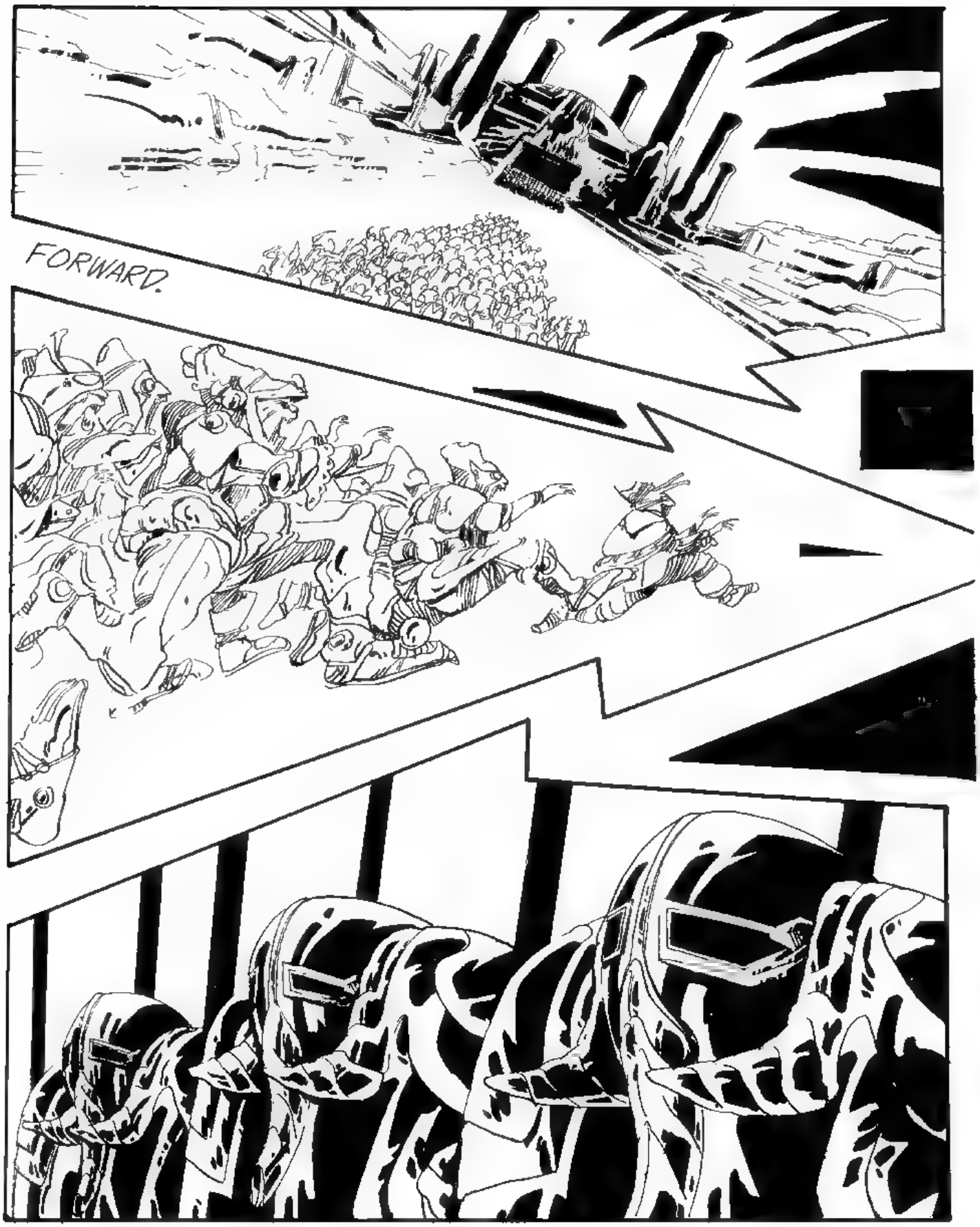
WHEEEEE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'VE BEEN FANTASTIC TRIP LET'S GO I'VE ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR'S WALK FROM HERE
YOU BET BUT WHAT'S WHAT? TELL ME.
IT'S HARD TO DESCRIBE YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT WHAT AN INCREDIBLE WORLD IT IS!
IF THAT'S THE CASE, LET'S NOT WAIT ANY LONGER WE CAN BE THERE BEFORE NIGHTFALL

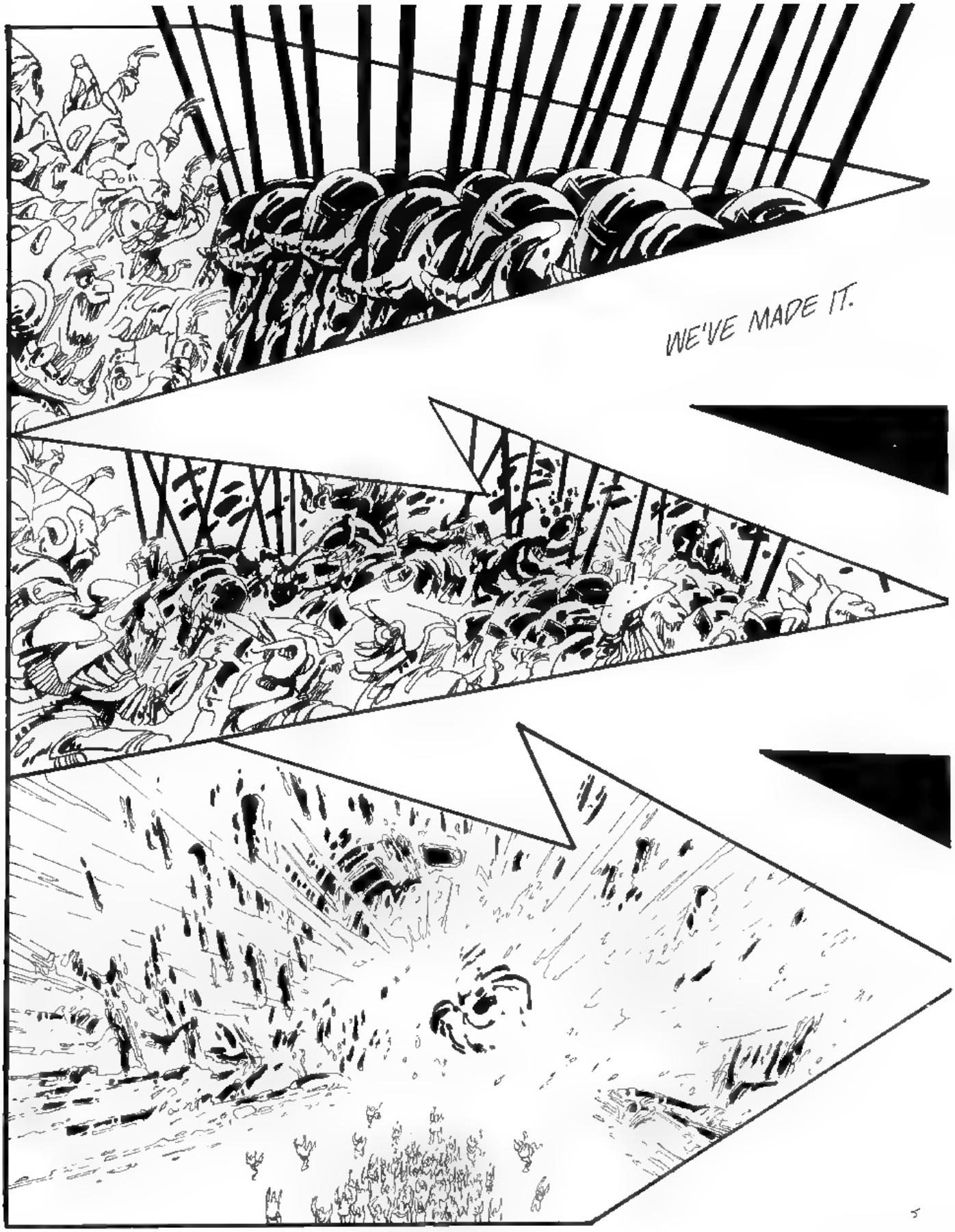
THE MEDIAN! WE SHALL BEGIN OUR WORK HERE, AT THE PYRAMID

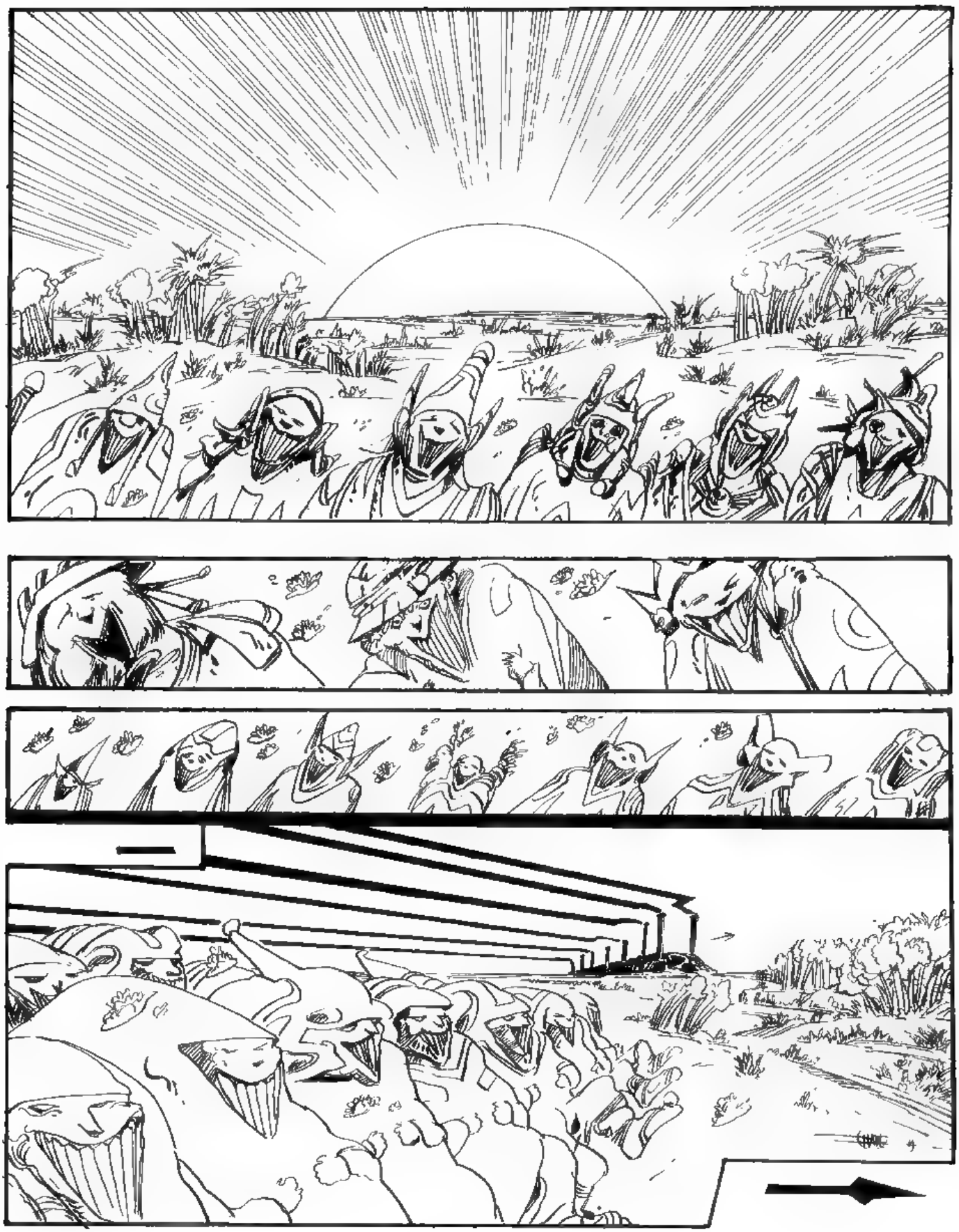


TOWARD A NEW DAY, by DRUILLET

A RADIANT FUTURE...


FORWARD.


WE'VE MADE IT.

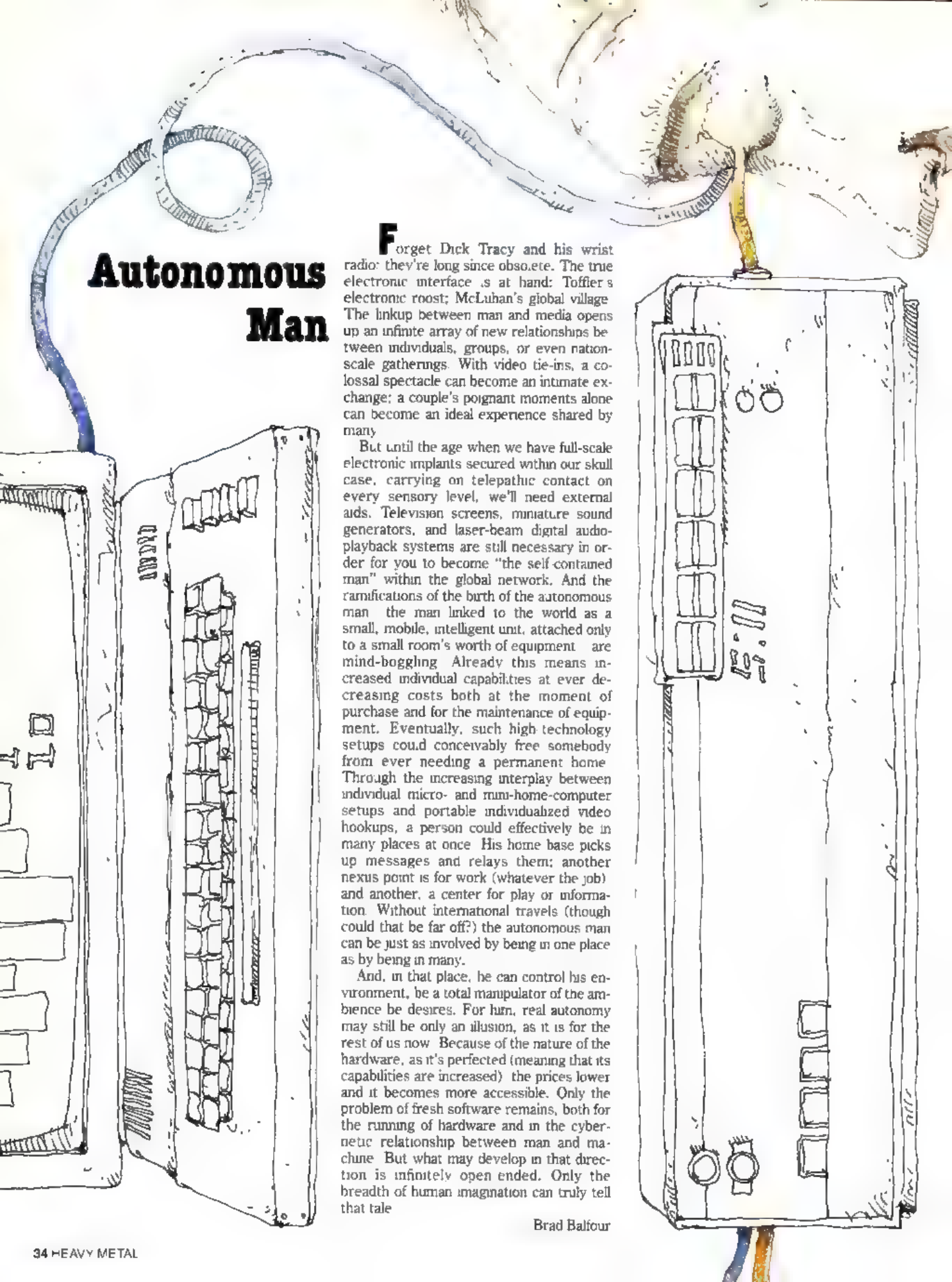


HAPPY FUTURE!

A GLIMPSE OF THINGS TO COME

Illustration by **Gregory Manchess**

Autonomous Man



Forget Dick Tracy and his wrist radio: they're long since obsolete. The true electronic interface is at hand: Toffler's electronic roost; McLuhan's global village. The linkup between man and media opens up an infinite array of new relationships between individuals, groups, or even nation-scale gatherings. With video tie-ins, a colossal spectacle can become an intimate exchange; a couple's poignant moments alone can become an ideal experience shared by many.

But until the age when we have full-scale electronic implants secured within our skull case, carrying on telepathic contact on every sensory level, we'll need external aids. Television screens, miniature sound generators, and laser-beam digital audio-playback systems are still necessary in order for you to become "the self-contained man" within the global network. And the ramifications of the birth of the autonomous man — the man linked to the world as a small, mobile, intelligent unit, attached only to a small room's worth of equipment — are mind-boggling. Already this means increased individual capabilities at ever decreasing costs both at the moment of purchase and for the maintenance of equipment. Eventually, such high technology setups could conceivably free somebody from ever needing a permanent home. Through the increasing interplay between individual micro- and mini-home-computer setups and portable individualized video hookups, a person could effectively be in many places at once. His home base picks up messages and relays them; another nexus point is for work (whatever the job) and another, a center for play or information. Without international travels (though could that be far off?) the autonomous man can be just as involved by being in one place as by being in many.

And, in that place, he can control his environment, be a total manipulator of the ambience he desires. For him, real autonomy may still be only an illusion, as it is for the rest of us now. Because of the nature of the hardware, as it's perfected (meaning that its capabilities are increased) the prices lower and it becomes more accessible. Only the problem of fresh software remains, both for the running of hardware and in the cybernetic relationship between man and machine. But what may develop in that direction is infinitely open ended. Only the breadth of human imagination can truly tell that tale.

Brad Balfour

Confessions of a Video Addict

Attention, all you anal-retentive videophiles: now is the time to indulge in a home-video-entertainment-center nirvana shopping spree, an extension of the "video pleasure efficiency principle." This notion further extends the delusion that you are what your fingertips program and control.

Though you can't as yet receive network and cable TV broadcasts in stereo (the FCC probably won't pass legislation 'til 1990), the new cheap-to-medium-expensive mono and stereo videodisc players, big-picture and wide-screen TVs with hookups to stereo speakers, and Sony's brand-new line of stereo-sound TV sets can transport you light years beyond Midnight Special, Soul Train, American Bandstand, HBO movies and concerts, and the Top 40 cable TV music channel.

The hardcore fun of discs ("the 45s of video") is flipping them on and off, as you used to do with 45 RPM singles, and playing your favorite parts over and over. In Japan, where stereo TV became standard in 1978, they already have state-of-the-art stereo vid-disc jukeboxes. A magnetic videodisc you can record, erase, and re-record on has just been developed by TV Disc Corporation of Waltham, Mass., and will be available soon, along with videodisc recording systems.

Though choices in stereo videodisc players and TVs are limited, you can hook up RCA's under-$500 SelectaVision disc player (a stereo model is slated for 1982, and a disc recorder in the very near future) to either *a)* Hitachi's better-amplified, fifty-inch-wide projection TV with separate audio and video input jacks and terminals for extension to speakers, or *b)* RCA's Color Trak 2000 projection TV, which has separate bass and treble controls and speaker-connection terminals, to achieve a stereo-sound effect.

SelectaVision discs, which range from $20 to $50, have it all over Pioneer and MagnoVision videodiscs as to color enhancement (blinding early Technicolor) and in their multitude of catalog titles. Because of the low cost of videodiscs, the prices of Beta and VHS cassette tapes are expected to drop by 25 percent.

For more serious video addicts, Pioneer's optical videodisc player features output jacks for stereo hookup (a digital adapter is on the way). This system segues nicely with Sony's new-for-the-holidays Profeel Trinitron component television in nineteen- and twenty-five-inch screen sizes. The Sony sets incorporate a cable-ready, frequency-synthesized tuner and a choice of two dual speaker systems. These can be mounted on the Profeel TV or stand alone. The unit not only accepts stereo radio simulcasts but is prepared also for the advent of stereo TV broadcasts.

For filthy-rich video addicts who can't wait for wall-to-wall 3-D, holographic, thin-screen TV, the next best placebo is to combine the ever expanding (6' × 10') two-piece Kloss (not to be confused with Advent) projection system or a quartz-synthesized expanded MGA V5520 stereo projection set with a videodisc player and your own state-of-the-art, multidirectional, digital-range-capability stereo speakers.

Once you have this equipment installed and flawless, you and your friends instantly qualify as "interactive videophile" programmers and can trade off as videodisc DJs. When you can act out to your favorite movie and sing and dance along to your favorite group or artists, you become, at last, the medium as well as the message.

Best of all, you can tape or create the latest video vanity rage—at-home video dance parties—just the way chichi trendies at new-wave-rock dance clubs do with multiple TV sets, videodisc players, video-cassette recorders, and videotape cameras. In this way, you can dance along to what's on the disc player and record yourself at the same time for posterity, with a Panasonic 801 or an RCA CC011 video camera.

Say, for example, you can't bear another rerun of the old "Saturday Night Live" show or fighting the crowds at a disco; then take the drudgery out of any-night dance fever with a videodisc party.

This interactive video pastime has spawned video encounter therapy and analysis. It's more than a trip to watch the closet Bruce Springsteen, Bo Derek, Mick Jagger, Harrison Ford, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks, and so on in your circle come out with a wicked imitation of these superstars on a videodisc. While everyone harbors the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers fantasy on the disc of *Swing Time*, I'm constantly amazed by which friends (generally the most bland and timid) see themselves as Blondie's Debbie Harry and Chris Stein and start painting their faces and carrying on the way the couple do on the punk/psychedelic disc of *Eat to the Beat*. Not to mention those who project into *Alien* (with super stereo sound track), and the Ann Reinking and Bob Fosse characters in *All That Jazz* who attempt the show-stopping

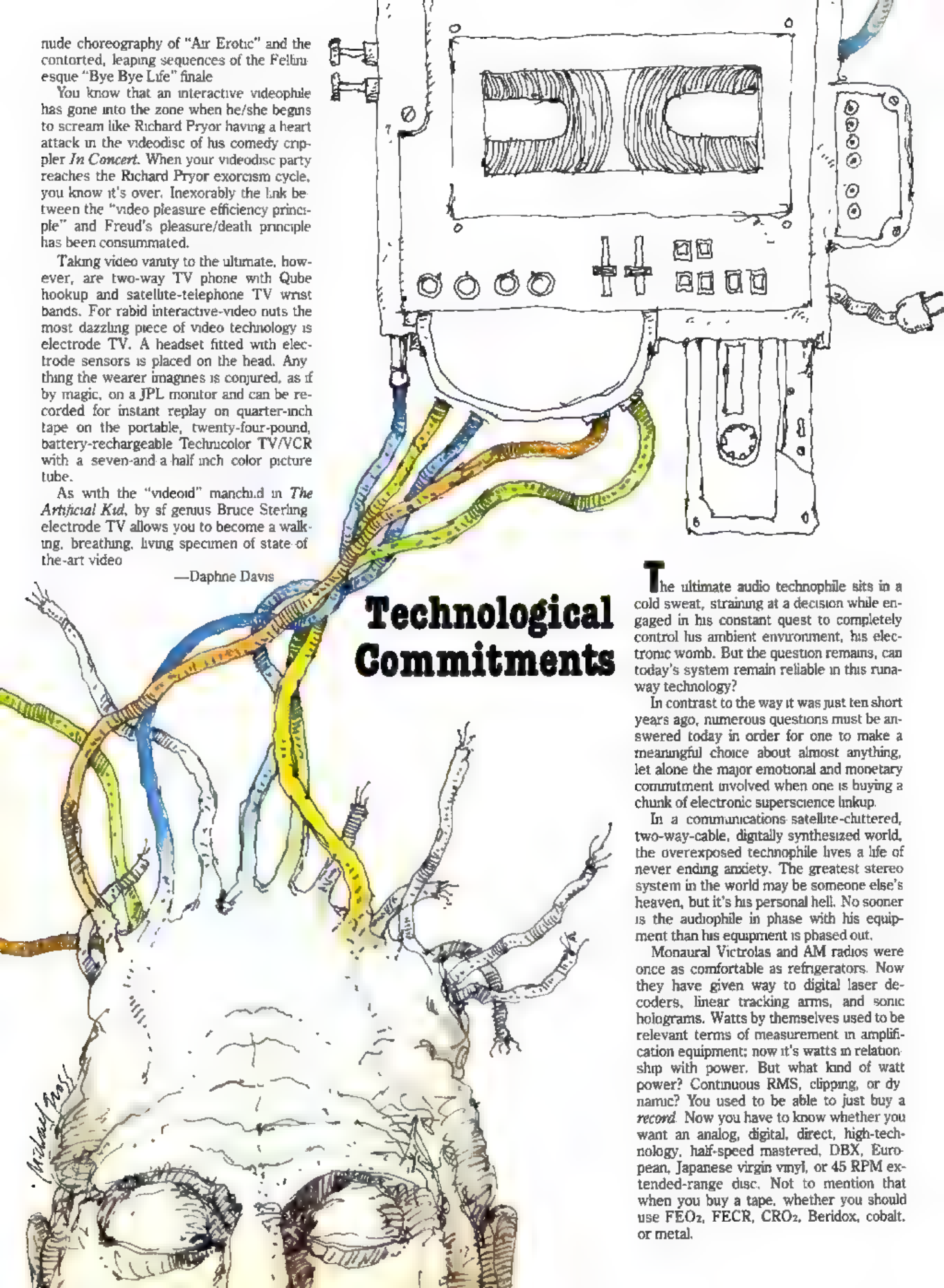
nude choreography of "Air Erotic" and the contorted, leaping sequences of the Fellinesque "Bye Bye Life" finale.

You know that an interactive videophile has gone into the zone when he/she begins to scream like Richard Pryor having a heart attack in the videodisc of his comedy cripple *In Concert*. When your videodisc party reaches the Richard Pryor exorcism cycle, you know it's over. Inexorably the link between the "video pleasure efficiency principle" and Freud's pleasure/death principle has been consummated.

Taking video vanity to the ultimate, however, are two-way TV phone with Qube hookup and satellite-telephone TV wrist bands. For rabid interactive-video nuts the most dazzling piece of video technology is electrode TV. A headset fitted with electrode sensors is placed on the head. Anything the wearer imagines is conjured, as if by magic, on a JPL monitor and can be recorded for instant replay on quarter-inch tape on the portable, twenty-four-pound, battery-rechargeable Technicolor TV/VCR with a seven-and-a-half inch color picture tube.

As with the "videoid" manchild in *The Artificial Kid*, by sf genius Bruce Sterling electrode TV allows you to become a walking, breathing, living specimen of state-of-the-art video.

—Daphne Davis



Technological Commitments

The ultimate audio technophile sits in a cold sweat, straining at a decision while engaged in his constant quest to completely control his ambient environment, his electronic womb. But the question remains, can today's system remain reliable in this runaway technology?

In contrast to the way it was just ten short years ago, numerous questions must be answered today in order for one to make a meaningful choice about almost anything, let alone the major emotional and monetary commitment involved when one is buying a chunk of electronic superscience linkup.

In a communications satellite-cluttered, two-way-cable, digitally synthesized world, the overexposed technophile lives a life of never ending anxiety. The greatest stereo system in the world may be someone else's heaven, but it's his personal hell. No sooner is the audiophile in phase with his equipment than his equipment is phased out.

Monaural Victrolas and AM radios were once as comfortable as refrigerators. Now they have given way to digital laser decoders, linear tracking arms, and sonic holograms. Watts by themselves used to be relevant terms of measurement in amplification equipment; now it's watts in relationship with power. But what kind of watt power? Continuous RMS, clipping, or dynamic? You used to be able to just buy a *record*. Now you have to know whether you want an analog, digital, direct, high-technology, half-speed mastered, DBX, European, Japanese virgin vinyl, or 45 RPM extended-range disc. Not to mention that when you buy a tape, whether you should use FEO_2, FECR, CRO_2, Beridox, cobalt, or metal.

There are two basic types of turntables belt drive and direct drive. Some opt for the simplicity and splendid acoustical isolation afforded by such belt drive models as the Linn Sondek LT-12 and the Regal Planar 3. The new isolation-technology, direct-drive models such as the linear-tracking Revox B790 and the Sony PS-X800 are also becoming available. Cartridges for these turntable choices come from three technologies: the low-output moving coil like the Dynavector Ruby (which requires a "head" or pre-preamplifier), the high-output moving coil like the Adcom Van Den Hul, and the moving magnet such as the Grace F9E or Grado G2+. Although there are many good receivers, like the Tanberg, Yamaha and Luxman models, the future flexibility of the component system is preferable.

The speed, accuracy, and features of a preamp and the heart of a component system are the main factors to be considered when choosing one. Newer, more esoteric electronic manufacturers continually develop preamps utilizing new technologies: the Hafler DH110, NAD 3020, or either of the Carvers. Not to forget some of the older, more established models, such as McIntosh and Crown. The preamp must totally meld with its power supply (amplifier) to make the whole body work. Hafler, NAD, Carver, McIntosh, and Crown all offer amps compatible with their preamps—but there are many mix-and-match complementary choices.

Most tuners, in high-airwave-saturated areas such as cities, operate equally well for day-to-day use, unless the ultimate enclosed environment is in the country, where radio waves need a strong tuner pickup. The dynamic range most radio broadcasts used is so compressed in comparison to even today's records that it has become a no-win situation. However, a few tuners worth mentioning are the NAD 4020, Adcom GFT-1, Sony STJ75, and Yamaha T7.

For ultimate atmospheric-control buying, the speakers are the most critical matter of personal taste. Speakers should be purchased by the consumer who is going to listen to them. Do not be persuaded by other ears. What sounds good to you is what will work for you in the long run.

Since speaker systems come in two variants—full range (usually in one enclosure) and satellite format (separately contained modules)—a custom-made environment is endlessly possible. Full-range systems favored are the Snell Type A, Fried E, Acoustat #3, and AR9. A preferred satellite system is the Fried C+O+ super tweeter. Other worthy satellite systems are those created by RTR, M+K, Polk, ADS, OHM, and Braun.

Within every satellite system rests its "mini" speakers, which when used in pairs in a small room can fill up an entire space all by themselves. One standard of mini-speakerdom for years has been the Rogers LS35A. Other exciting entries are the Linn Kahn, Braun L300, and Sequerra Mode 7. Or just forget about speakers altogether, and sink into digital isolation via a pair of Stax Sigma headphones.

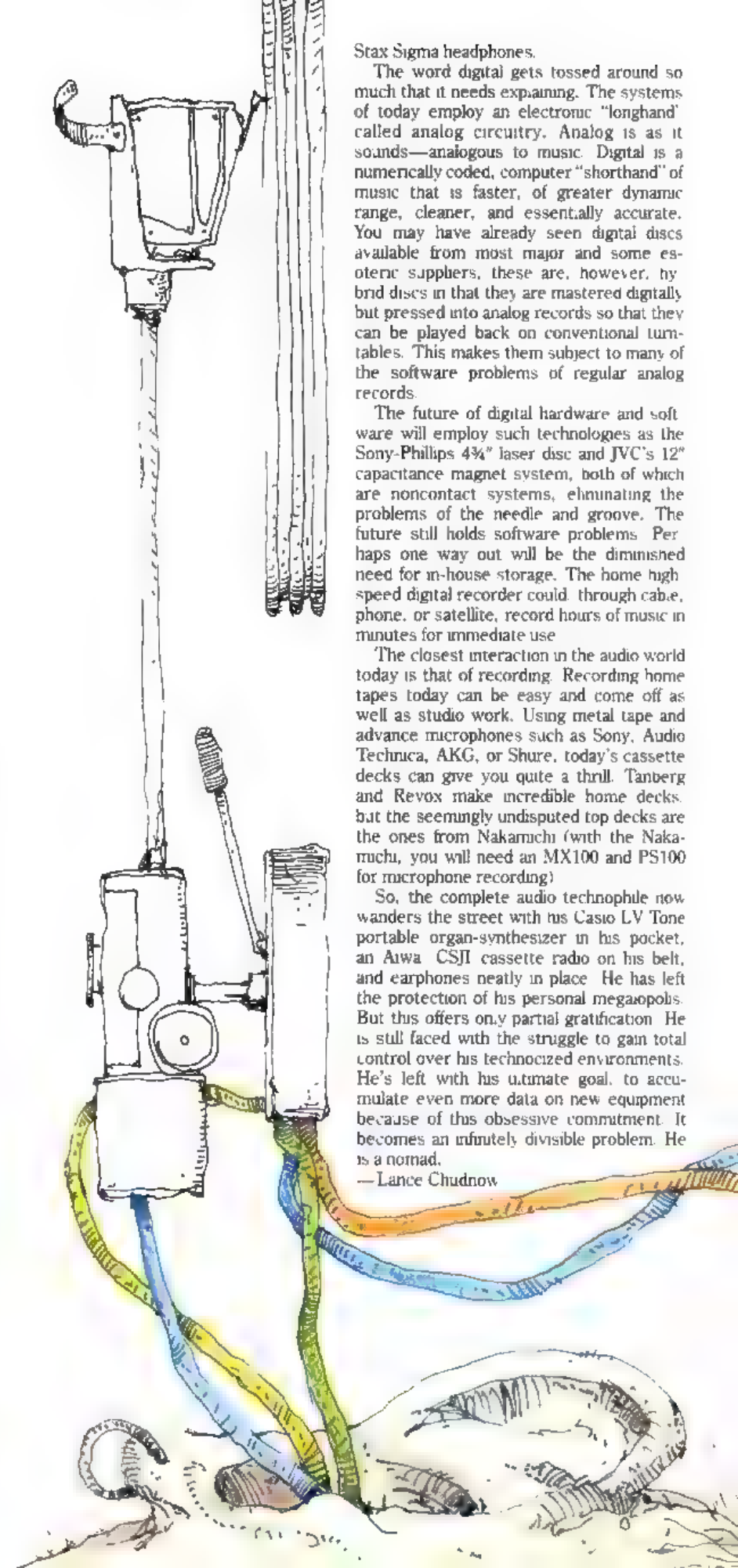
The word digital gets tossed around so much that it needs explaining. The systems of today employ an electronic "longhand" called analog circuitry. Analog is as it sounds—analogous to music. Digital is a numerically coded, computer "shorthand" of music that is faster, of greater dynamic range, cleaner, and essentially accurate. You may have already seen digital discs available from most major and some esoteric suppliers; these are, however, hybrid discs in that they are mastered digitally but pressed into analog records so that they can be played back on conventional turntables. This makes them subject to many of the software problems of regular analog records.

The future of digital hardware and software will employ such technologies as the Sony-Phillips 4¾" laser disc and JVC's 12" capacitance magnet system, both of which are noncontact systems, eliminating the problems of the needle and groove. The future still holds software problems. Perhaps one way out will be the diminished need for in-house storage. The home high-speed digital recorder could, through cable, phone, or satellite, record hours of music in minutes for immediate use.

The closest interaction in the audio world today is that of recording. Recording home tapes today can be easy and come off as well as studio work. Using metal tape and advance microphones such as Sony, Audio Technica, AKG, or Shure, today's cassette decks can give you quite a thrill. Tanberg and Revox make incredible home decks, but the seemingly undisputed top decks are the ones from Nakamichi (with the Nakamichi, you will need an MX100 and PS100 for microphone recording).

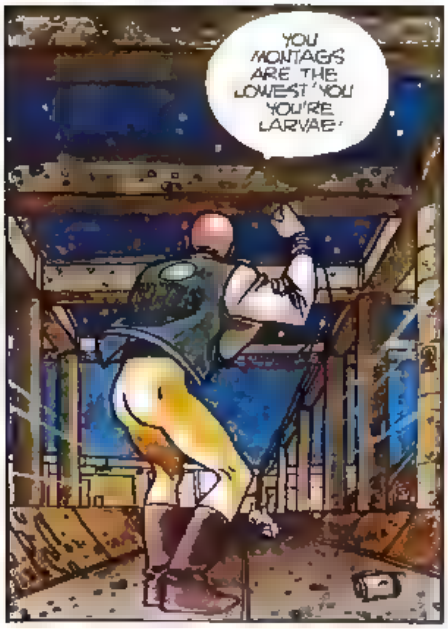
So, the complete audio technophile now wanders the street with his Casio LV Tone portable organ-synthesizer in his pocket, an Aiwa CSJI cassette radio on his belt, and earphones neatly in place. He has left the protection of his personal megalopolis. But this offers only partial gratification. He is still faced with the struggle to gain total control over his technocized environments. He's left with his ultimate goal, to accumulate even more data on new equipment because of this obsessive commitment. It becomes an infinitely divisible problem. He is a nomad.

—Lance Chudnow



2081 A STREET GANG'S HIDEOUT IN AN OLD FACTORY SOMEWHERE IN THE NEW BRONX
ROMEO AND JULIET
BY MAXIMY AND ARNO
WILL YOU FORGET ABOUT THE GIRL ALREADY I'VE HAD IT WITH YOUR LOVELORN SOAP OPERAS
?!
THEY'RE ALL BITCHES EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM
SHIT! TYB'S COMING UP THE STREET!
I'LL GET HIM
BZMMM
ON CONTACT, THE CONVEYOR BELT SLIPS INTO GEAR
THIS IS CRAZY! LET ME GET THAT MANIAC ONCE AND FOR ALL
arno 1

WELL THEN, STOP H.M!
?!.

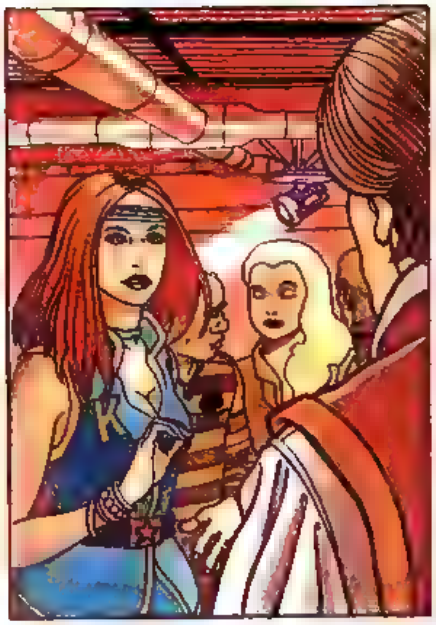

YOU MONTAGS ARE THE LOWEST! YOU YOU'RE LARVAE!

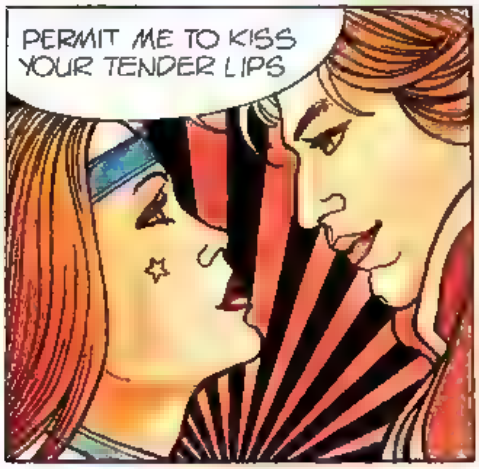
YOU 'IDIOT' AND I HAD HIM, TOO

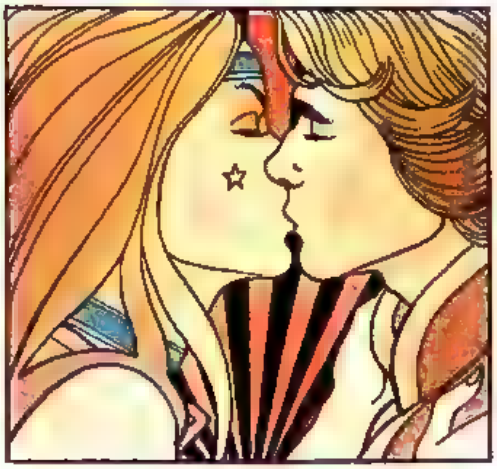
LATER ON
COME ON, YOU TWO CUT THE CRAP! MONTAGS HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER

LET'S GO AND PICK UP SOME ASS AT CAB'S PLACE TRY NOT TO GET INTO ANOTHER FIGHT, PLEASE!
DON'T WORRY COOL LET'S PAINT MASKS ON OUR FACES, TO DISGUISE THESE MONTAG MUGS OF OURS
I SEEMS A SHAME TO COVER UP SUCH PERFECTION, HEH, HEH, BUT MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT

amc
2



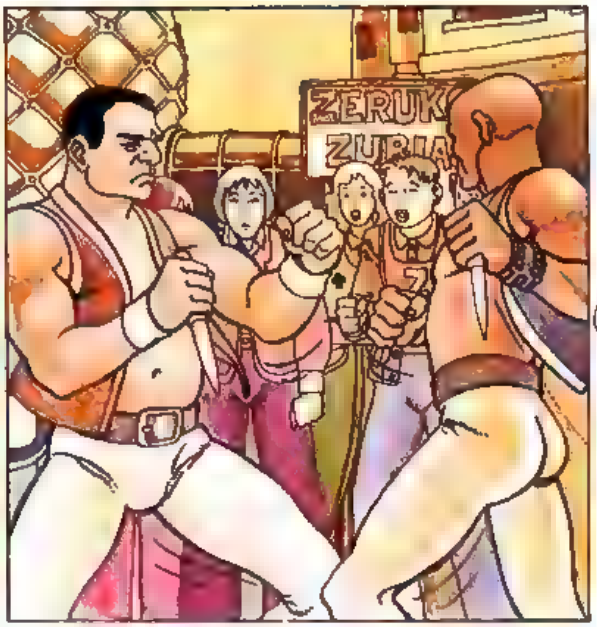


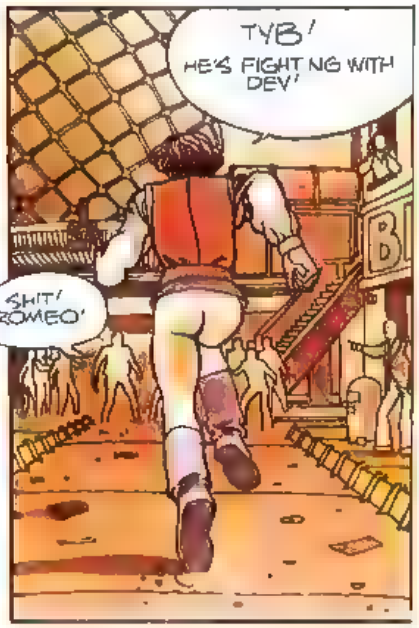


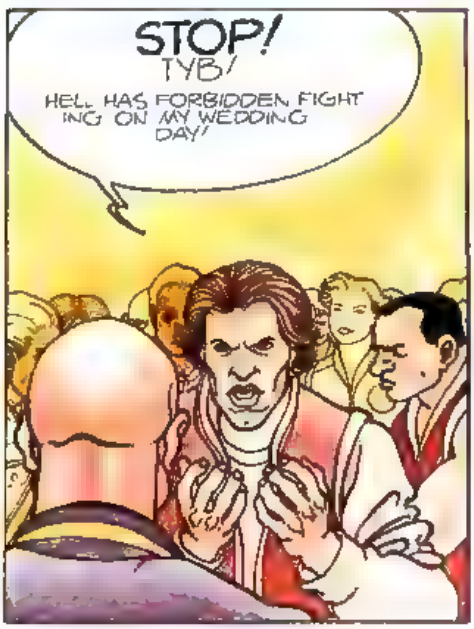
3 O'CLOCK HAUNTED BY THOUGHTS OF JULIET ROMEO WALKS AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE STREETS

AND AT DAWN
AND BY THE POWER THAT IS INVESTED IN ME WITH THIS BLOOD SPILLED, I PRONOUNCE YOU UNITED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LAW OF THE CLANS

AH. WE ARE ONE ANOTHER'S NOW WHAT RELIEF I FEEL NOW! HEY WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE?

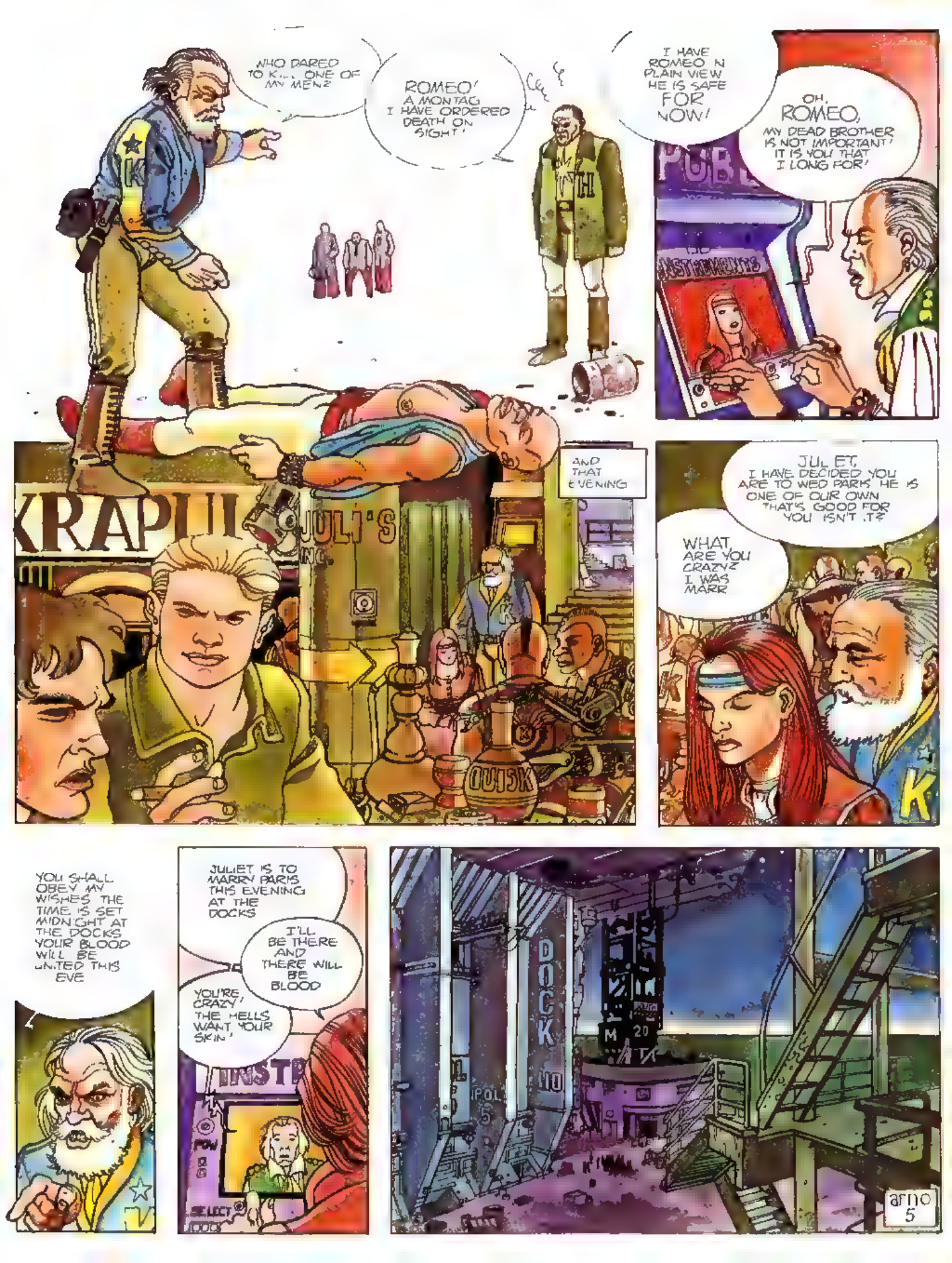

ZERUK
ZUBIA


TYB!
HE'S FIGHTING WITH DEV!
SHIT! ROMEO!


STOP!
TYB!
HELL HAS FORBIDDEN FIGHTING ON MY WEDDING DAY!

HEY...?
?!?

LET GO OF T'
arno
4


WHO DARED TO K... ONE OF MY MEN?
ROMEO! A MONTAG I HAVE ORDERED DEATH ON SIGHT!
I HAVE ROMEO N PLAIN VIEW HE IS SAFE FOR NOW!
OH, ROMEO, MY DEAD BROTHER IS NOT IMPORTANT! IT IS YOU THAT I LONG FOR!
AND THAT EVENING
JULI'S
JULIET, I HAVE DECIDED YOU ARE TO WED PARIS HE IS ONE OF OUR OWN THAT'S GOOD FOR YOU ISN'T IT?
WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY? I WAS MARR
YOU SHALL OBEY MY WISHES THE TIME IS SET MIDNIGHT AT THE DOCKS YOUR BLOOD WILL BE UNITED THIS EVE
JULIET IS TO MARRY PARIS THIS EVENING AT THE DOCKS
I'LL BE THERE AND THERE WILL BE BLOOD
YOU'RE CRAZY! THE HELLS WANT YOUR SKIN!
DOCK 10
arno 5

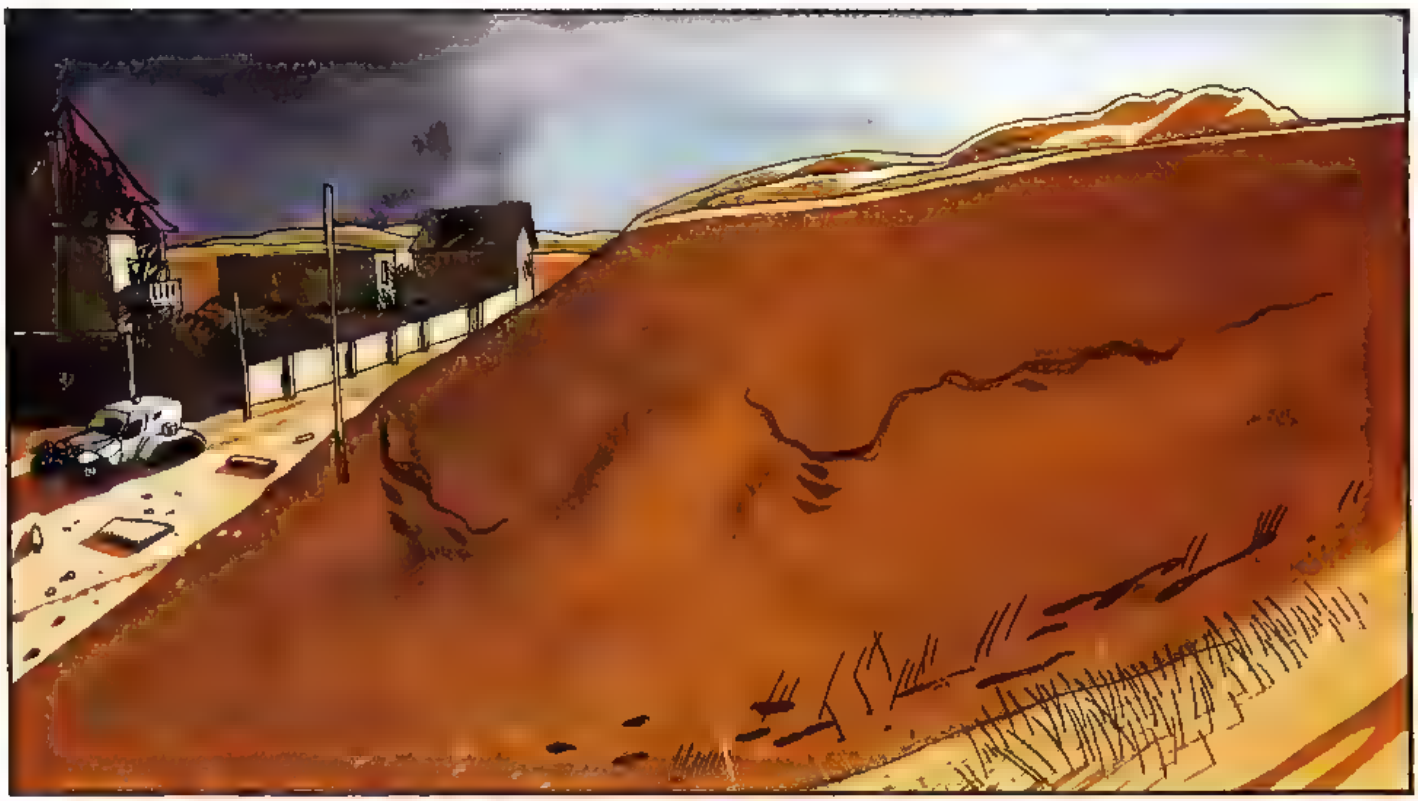
TAKE COVER!
OKAY
BUT I CAN'T
SHUT UP! IT'S YOUR DUTY AS A HELLIAN!
MY LOVE! BUT WHY DO YOU TEMPT DEATH SO?
TO DIE IN YOUR ARMS WOULD BE JITTER BLISS!
K
NO!
AH! MY EYES HAVE BEEN OPENED FOR ME! HOW AWFUL! AND I WAS GOING TO LIVE FOR OUR DEEP LOVE ALONE
CUT THE CRAP, PARIS!
YOU GUYS ARE FOR THE BIRDS! WITH BETTER CASTING, AND THE ORIGINAL ENDING, THIS COULD HAVE BEEN ONE HELLUVA PLAY!
AW, SHUT UP, SHAKES!
FIN

JH PARINGAUX

The Sand Man

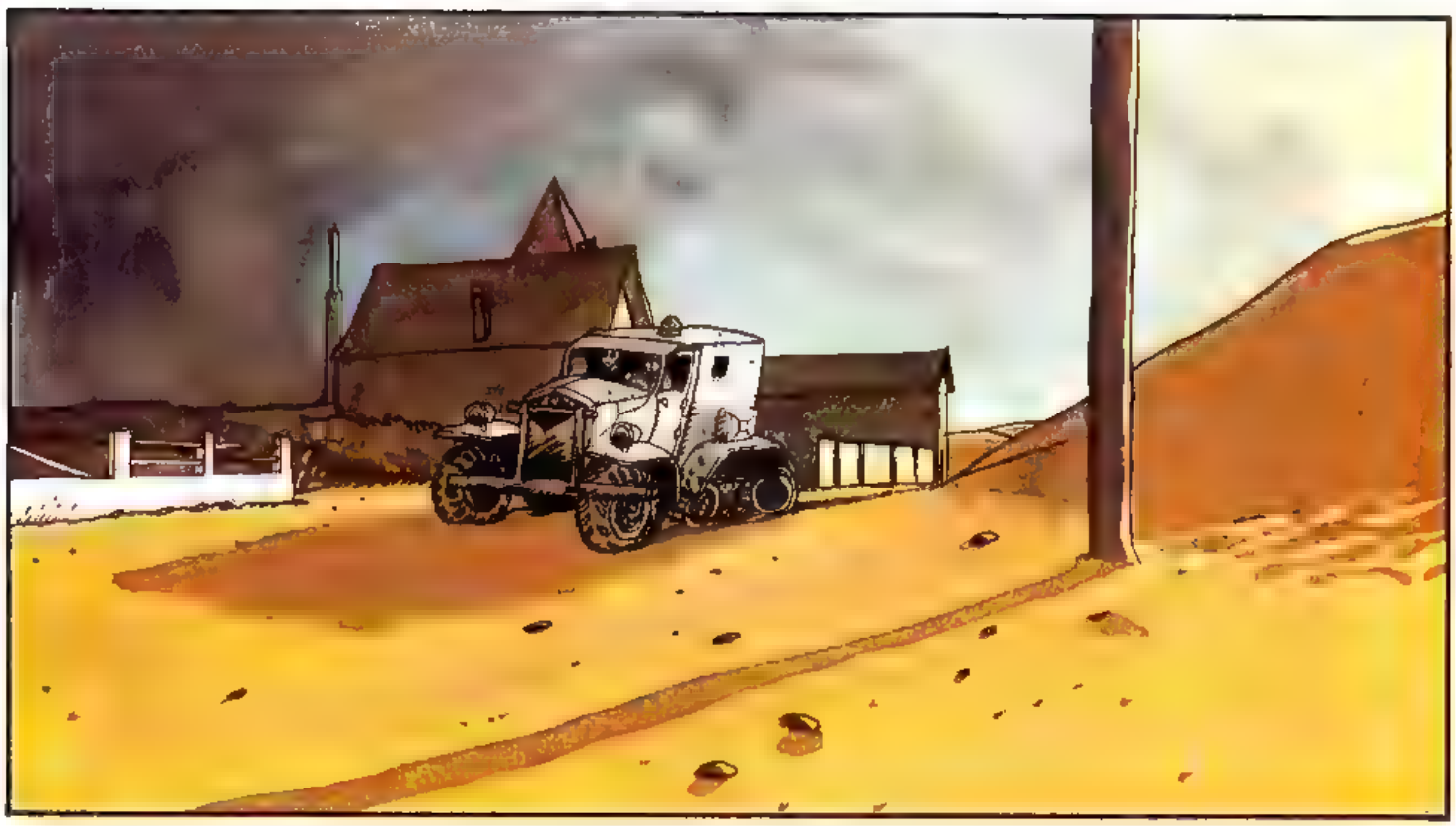
LOUSTAL

EVER SINCE THAT LAST TIME I HAVE HEARD NOTHING – SAVE MY FOOTSTEPS IN THE SAND, AND MY NAILS AGAINST MY SKIN. THE WIND WHISTLES NO LONGER AND THERE ARE NO BIRDS LEFT TO SING. I STOPPED SCREAMING SOME TIME AGO.

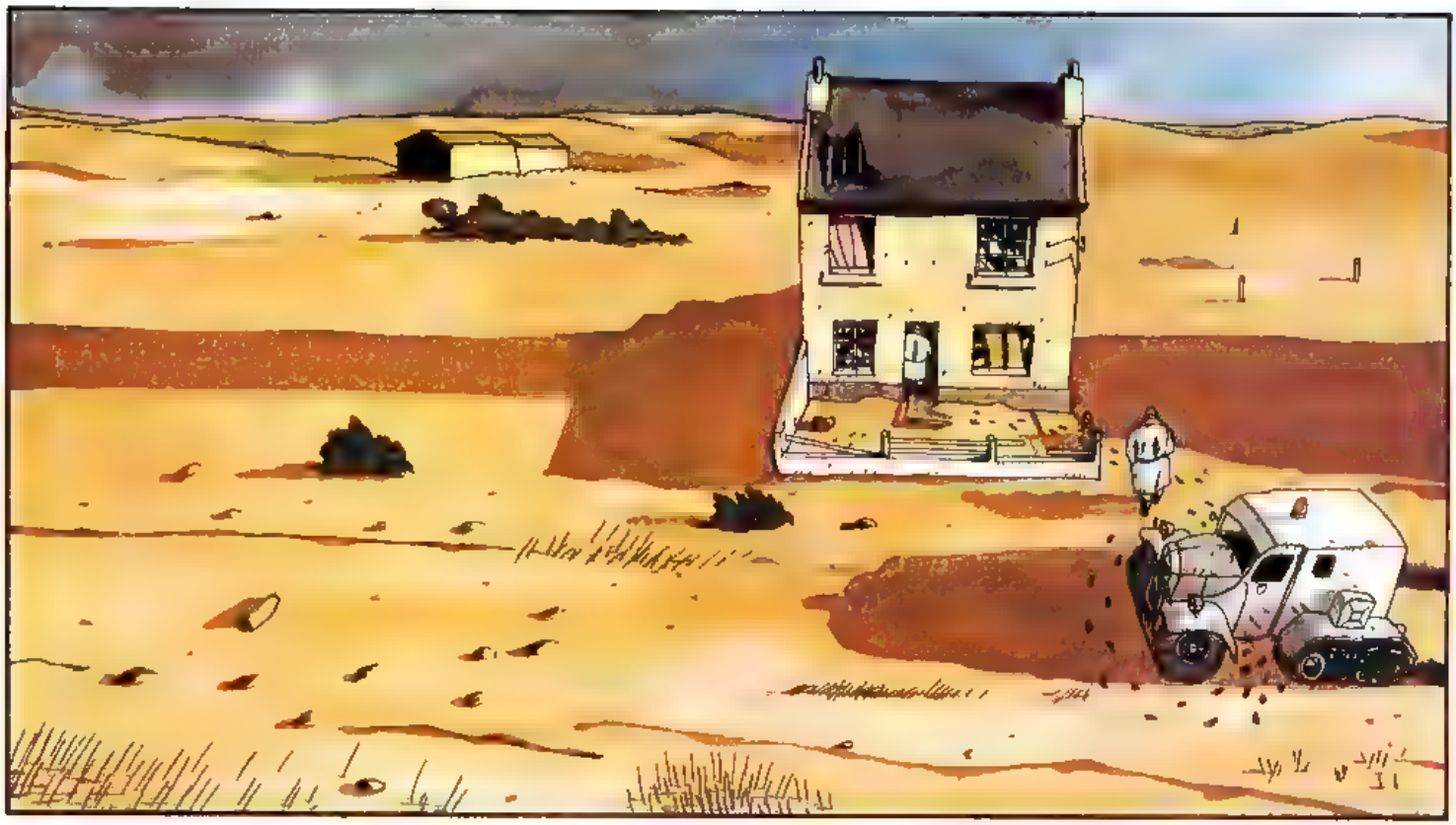


I DON'T EVEN ANY LONGER HEAR THE SEA, WHICH POUNDS AGAINST THE SHORES NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE. I HEARD THEIR CAR, FOR WHAT SEEMED CENTURIES BEFORE I ACTUALLY SAW THEM. BUT I STAYED BY MY SHACK, JUST STARING AT THE ROAD. I GUESS YOU CAN CALL ME THE LAST OF THE REDSHIRTS.

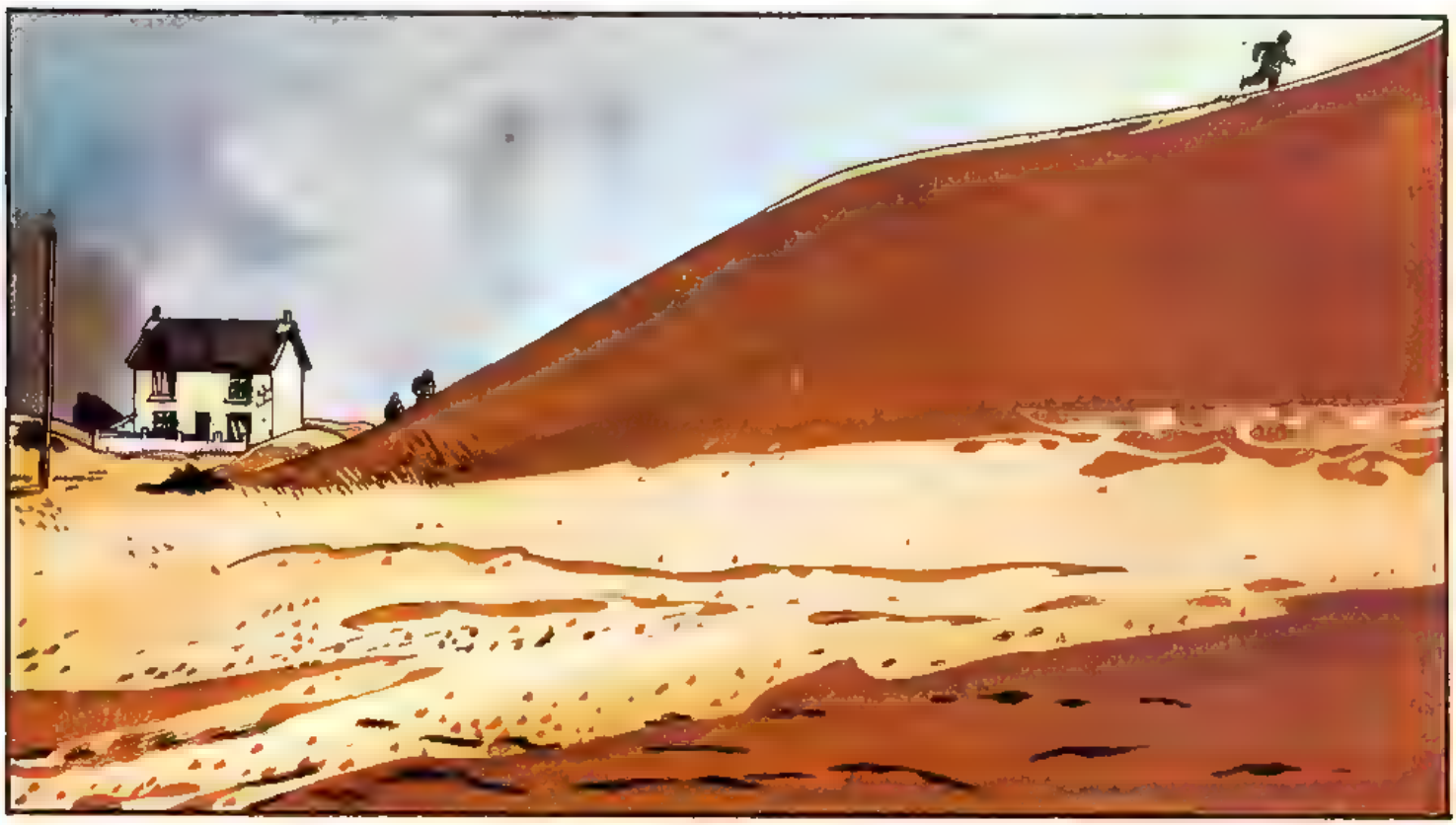
IT WAS THAT SAME CAR THAT DROVE ROUND AND ROUND THE DESERTED VILLAGE. OUT OF FEAR, AND JUST NOT CARING, I PISSED DOWN THE SIDE OF MY LEG. THIS HURT ME, FOR SOME ODD REASON. AND I FELL TO THE GROUND, WRITHING IN PAIN. AT THIS POINT I WAS SO THIN FROM NOT EATING THAT I COULD HAVE HIDDEN BEHIND A BLADE OF GRASS, AND NEITHER OF THEM WOULD HAVE BEEN THE WISER



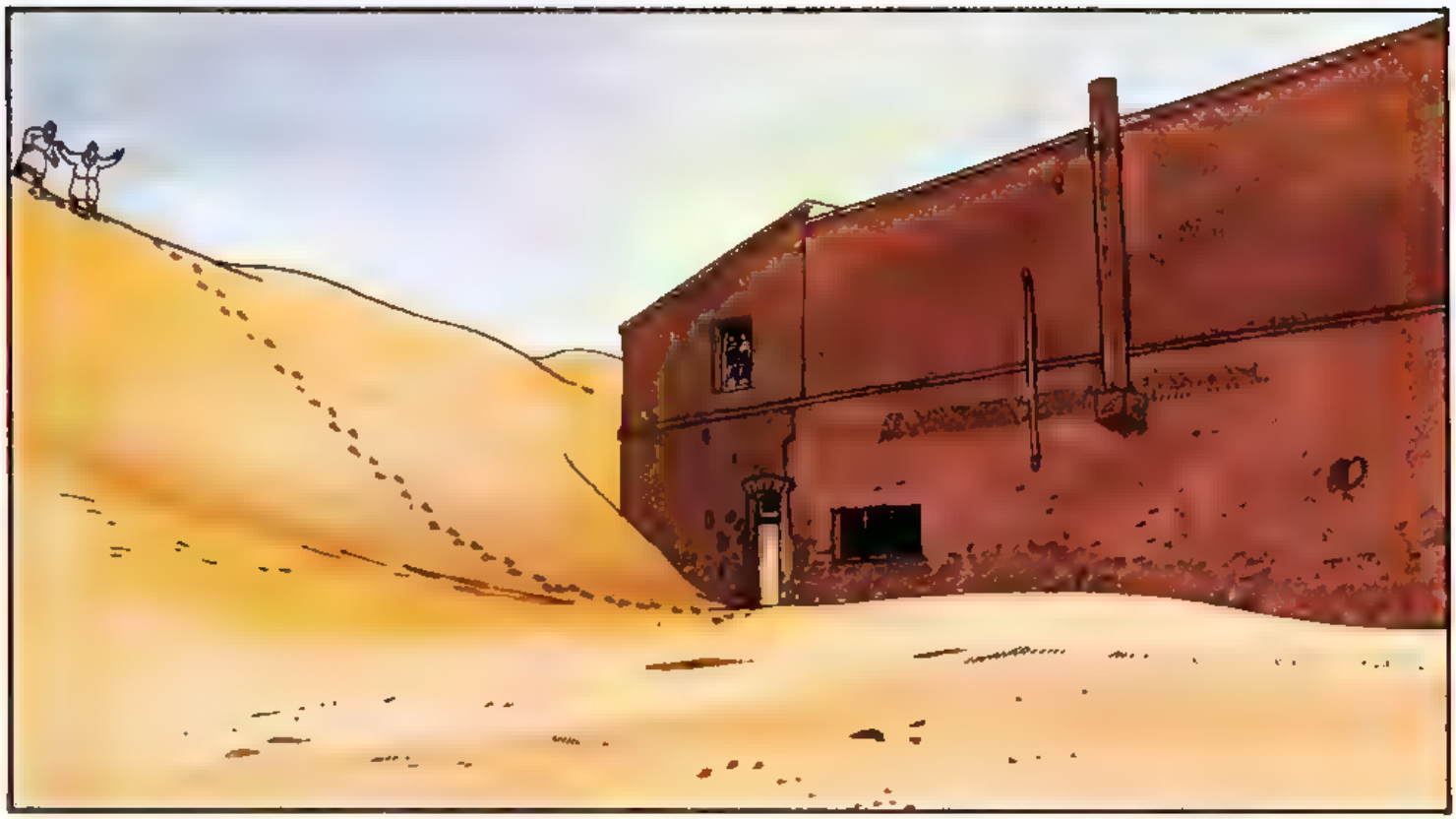
I SLOWLY ROLLED ATOP MY KNEES (WHICH WERE ACHING), LEANED AGAINST MY STOMACH (FELT PANGING) UP FROM MY ELBOWS (FILTHY), AND SAT UPRIGHT AND THOUGHT. AND THOUGHT. AND THOUGHT MY THOUGHTS BECAME REVERIES, AND I DREAMT OF ANTOINE AND LUCIEN AND HOW THEY RULED 100,000 YEARS AGO



AH! I SENSED THEY HAD THEIR WATCHDOGS OUT FOR ME NOW! THEY WERE POSSESSED· TREKKING THROUGH THE SHANTY, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE GARBAGE. I WAS ENRAGED BY THEIR CLEAN CLOTHES AND WELL FED BODIES. I CURSED MYSELF FOR BEING SO PETTY, AND SUDDENLY REMEMBERED THE PHOTO



OF ANTOINE AND LUCIEN. MY HEART TIGHTENED. THE ASSASSIN'S DIRTY THUMBS ON THE SWEET FACES OF MY SONS. I CRIED OUT LIKE AN ANIMAL, BUT WEPT SILENTLY AS THE SAND GREW HOT BENEATH ME

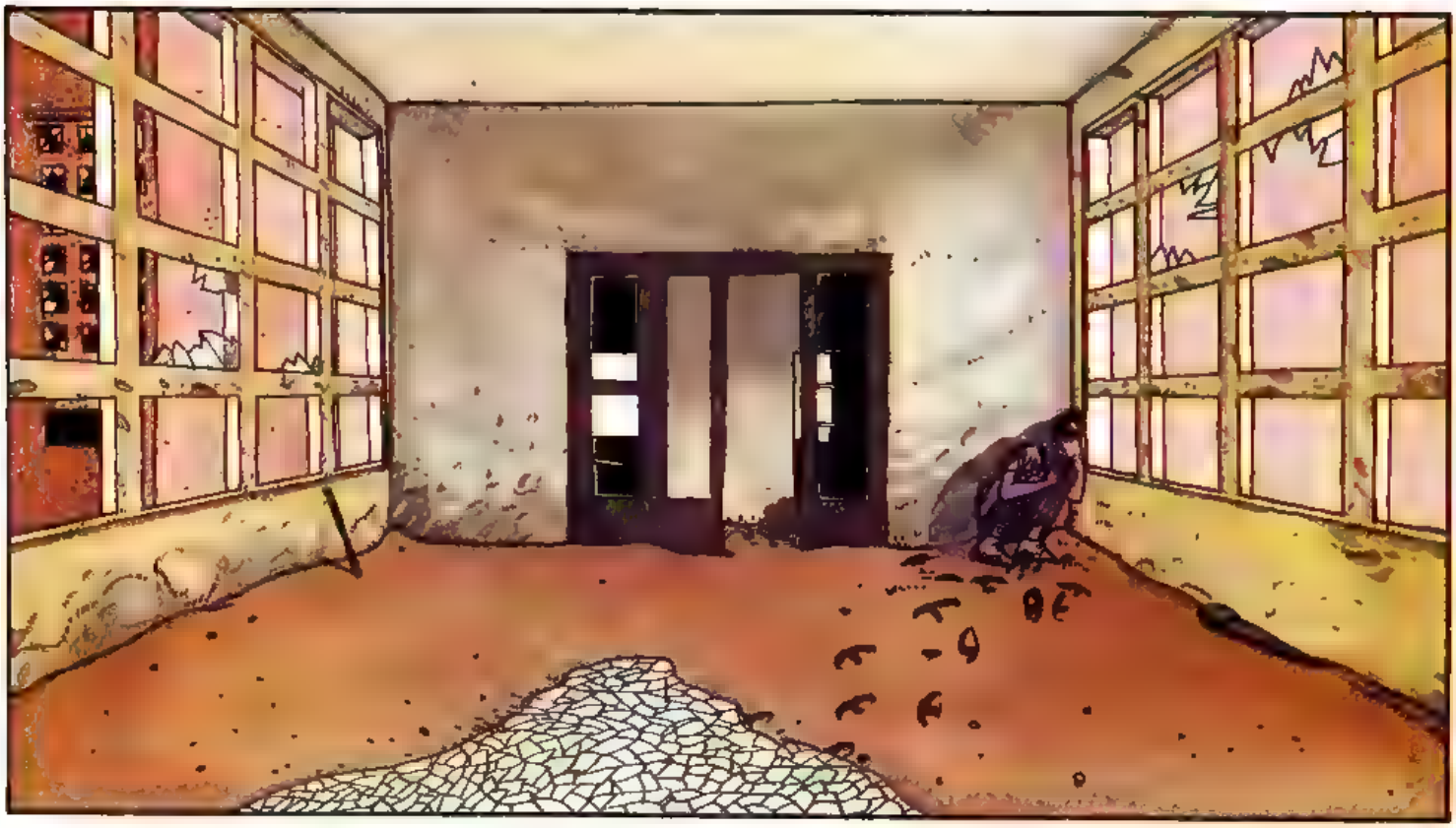


I HAVE SLEPT IN EVERY RECESS OF THE DUNE. I BROKE EACH WINDOW THAT HAD REMAINED INTACT WITH CLENCHED FISTS, I CAN DRIVE THEM MAD. THEY HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR ME. I WAS THE FOREMAN HERE WHEN IT WAS JUST US..

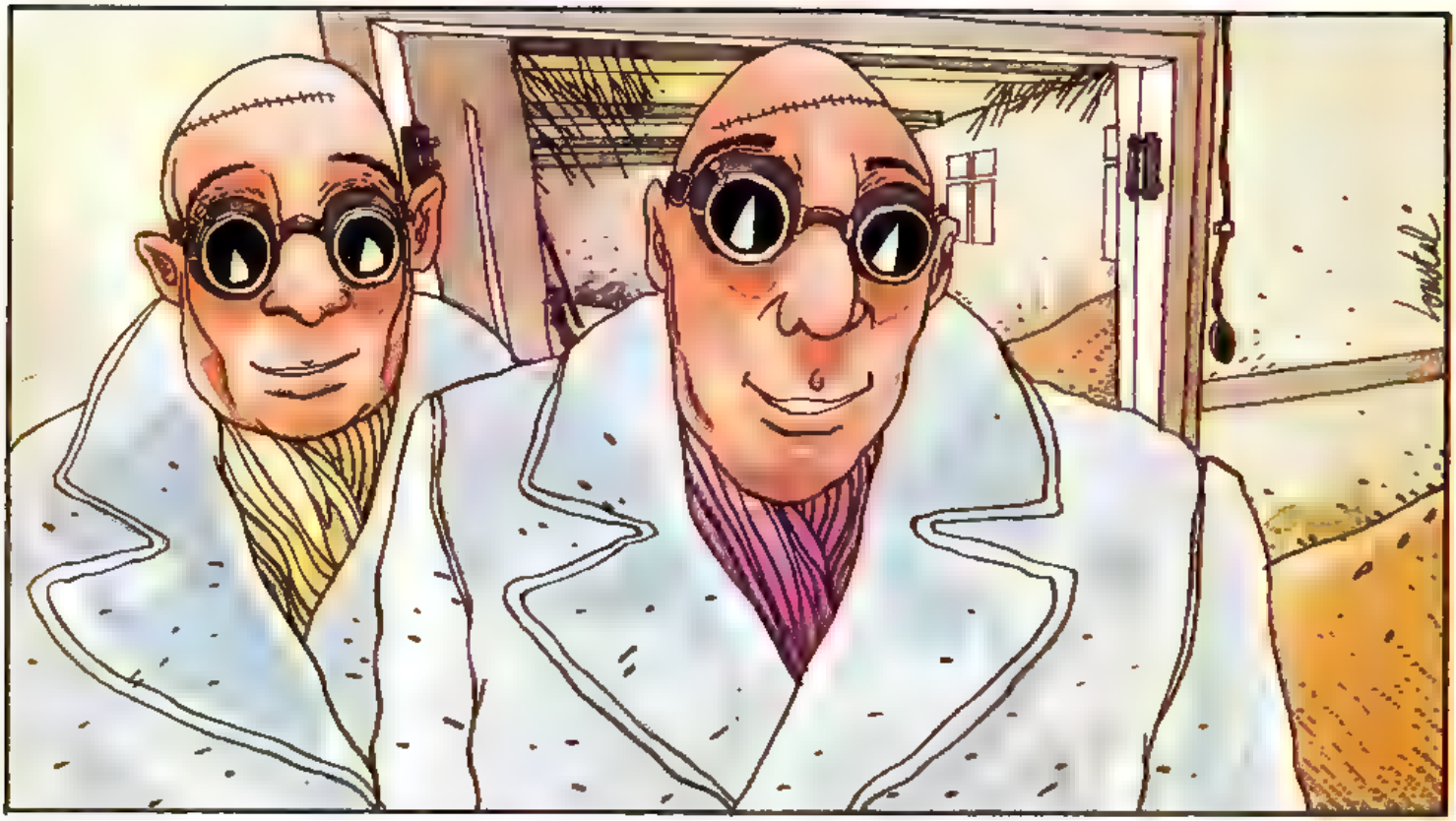
US, WHO BLACKENED THE SKY WHEN ANTOINE AND LUCIEN WERE BEATEN SENSELESS BY THE SONS OF THE REDS. . WHEN THEIR MOTHER HAD LAUGHED JUST A BIT TOO LOUD IN THE OFFICES OF THESE MEN AND

AH WELL, WHAT'S THE USE? THAT SUNDAY THREE OF US TOOK A STROLL. I SMOKED A CIGARETTE AND FELT AS IF POSSIBLY, WITH BUT A BIT OF LUCK, THINGS WOULD WORK OUT. BUT THE BOYS WERE SCARED AND THEY HID THEIR CRIES HAUNTED ME FOR YEARS. BUT I HAVE YET TO FIND THEM.

I WORKED MANY YEARS IN THE FACTORY. DAY IN AND DAY OUT, SOMETIMES EVEN SIX DAYS A WEEK. TO DAY IS LIKE A SUNDAY - THE MACHINES ARE ASLEEP, AND I, WELL, I JUST SIT AND WAIT AND WONDER...

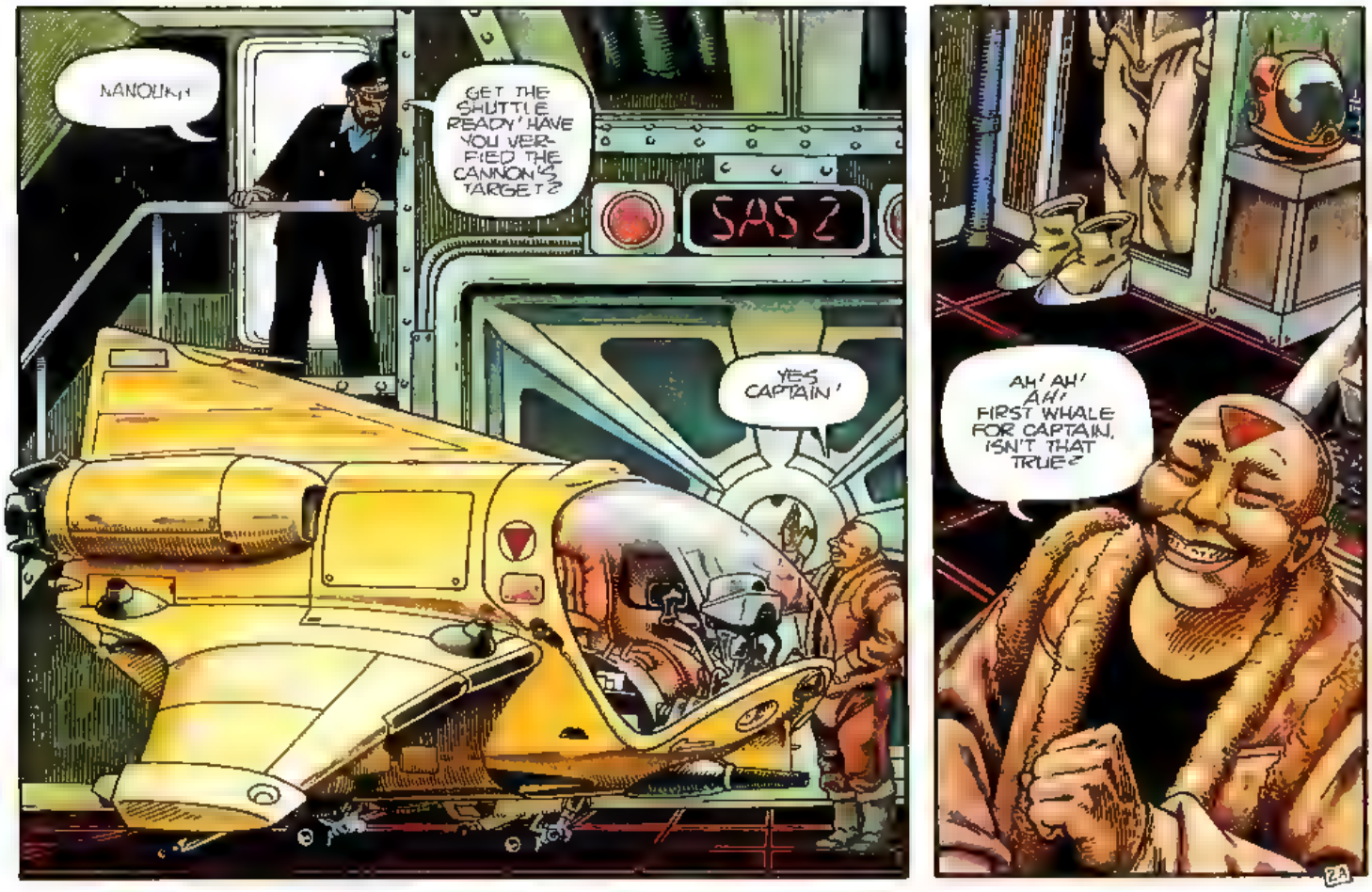


NO ONE IN THE WORLD COULD EVER FIND ME. OOOH, MY STOMACH HURTS SO MUCH I THINK I HEAR THEM. THEY WON'T FIND ME. THEY WON'T. WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS, THEY WILL BE GONE. TOO BAD, I DAMN THEIR HAPPY FUTURE

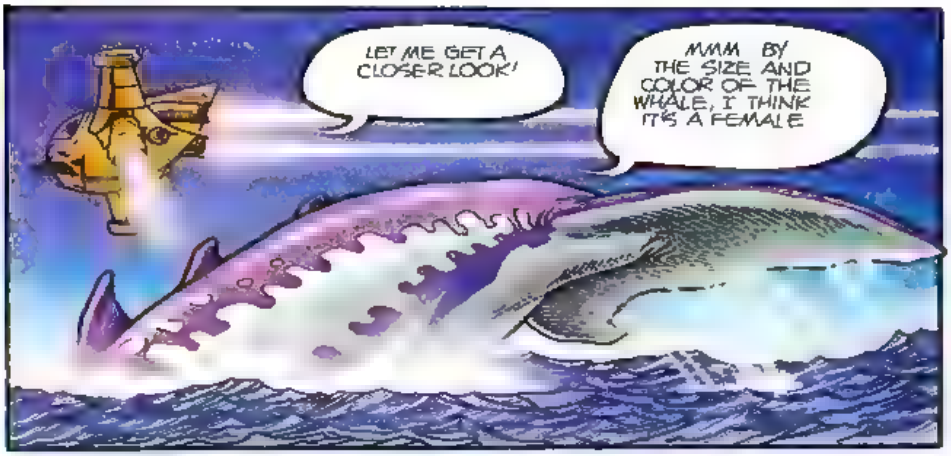


"WE DIDN'T BELIEVE AT FIRST EITHER. IN THE BEGINNING WE WERE JUST AS YOU ARE NOW BUT LOOK AT US. LOOK AT US! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE US? WHY, WE'RE ANTOINE AND LUCIEN, AND WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY"

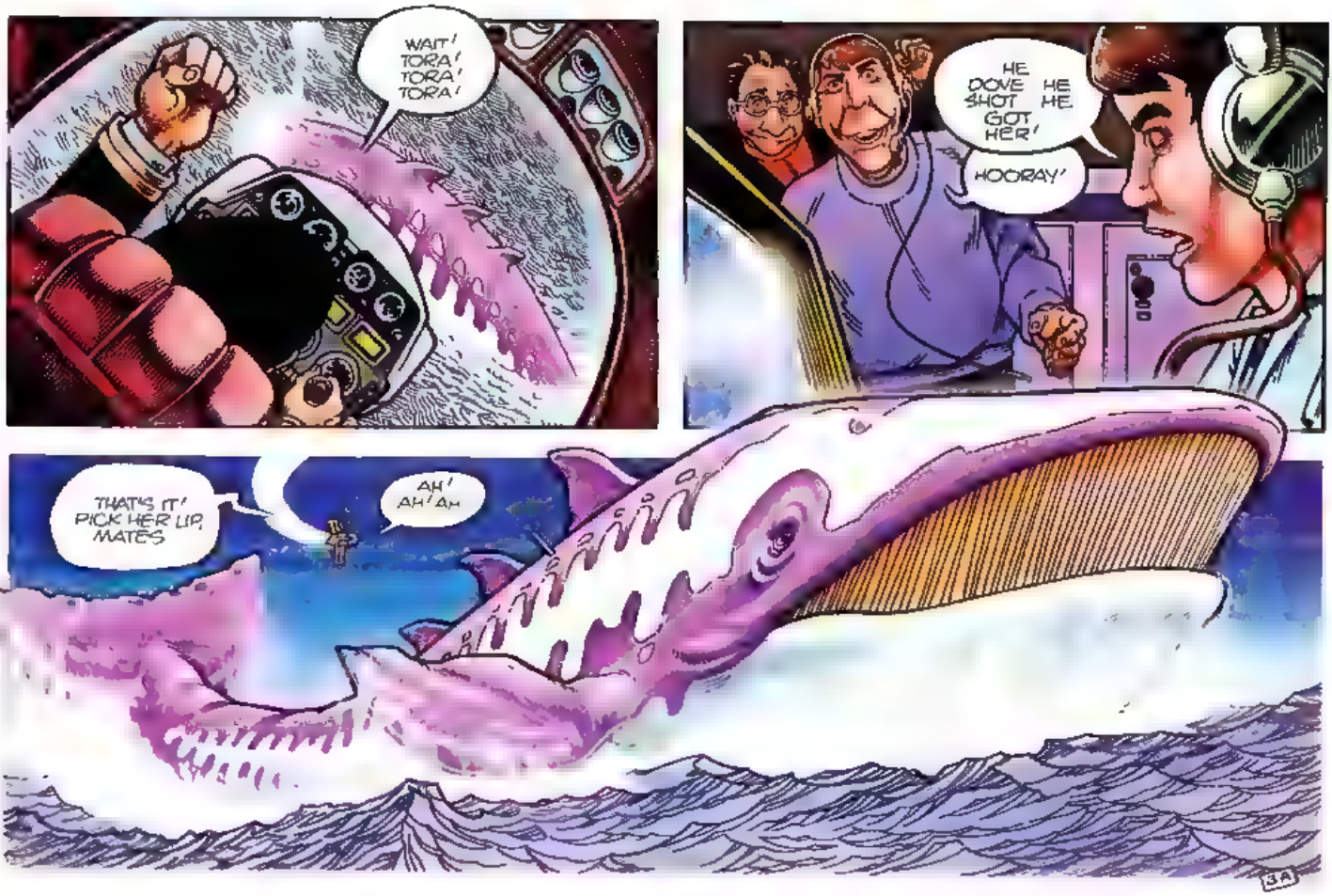
MOBY DICK
PREPARE TO LEAVE ORBIT GENTLEMEN!
ART AND STORY AL VOSS
SLOWLY BEGIN RE ENTRY INTO THE ATMOSPHERE!
1A
INFORM ME OF THE SLIGHTEST "BIP" ON YOUR RADAR, MATE
SIR!
I I THINK I'VE JUST PICKED ONE UP, CAPTAIN AHAB!
BRAVO! WE'VE FOUND HER! AND WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN!
STOP! LAND HERE!
1B

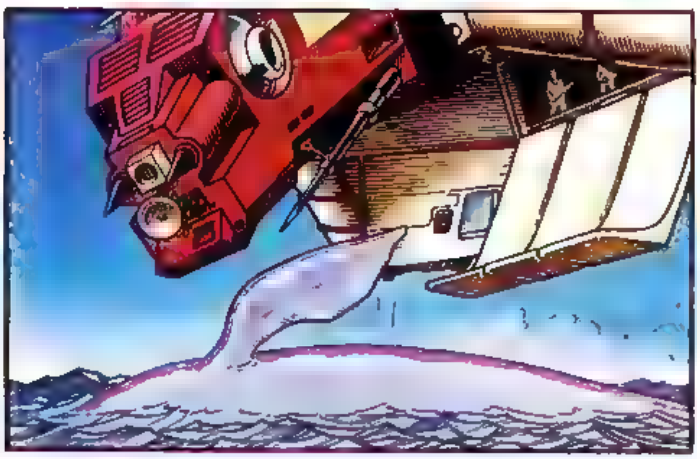

NANOUK!
GET THE SHUTTLE READY! HAVE YOU VERIFIED THE CANNON'S TARGET?
SAS 2
YES CAPTAIN!
AH! AH! AH! FIRST WHALE FOR CAPTAIN. ISN'T THAT TRUE?
2A

SHIT, CAPTAIN!
AH HAH! DON'T WORRY, BOYS! TRUST ME!


LET ME GET A CLOSER LOOK!
MMM BY THE SIZE AND COLOR OF THE WHALE, I THINK IT'S A FEMALE

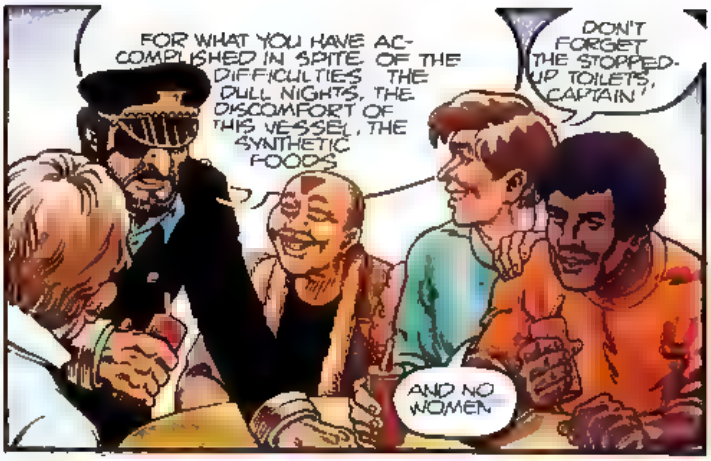
SHE'S SURFACING GET ME OUT OF HERE!
OKAY SIR!
2B


WAIT! TORA! TORA! TORA!
HE DOVE HE SHOT HE GOT HER!
HOORAY!
THAT'S IT! PICK HER UP, MATES
AH! AH! AH
3A

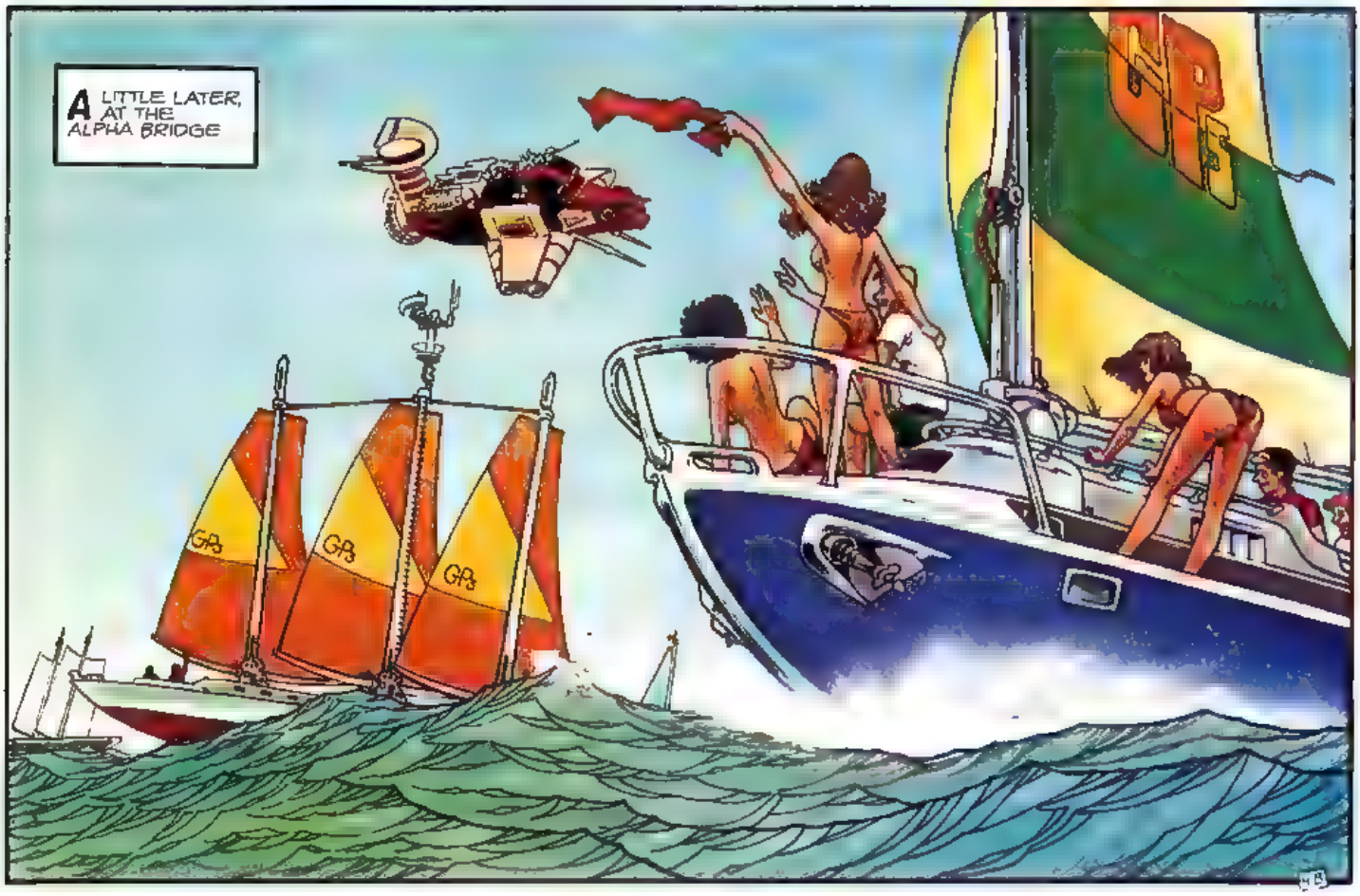


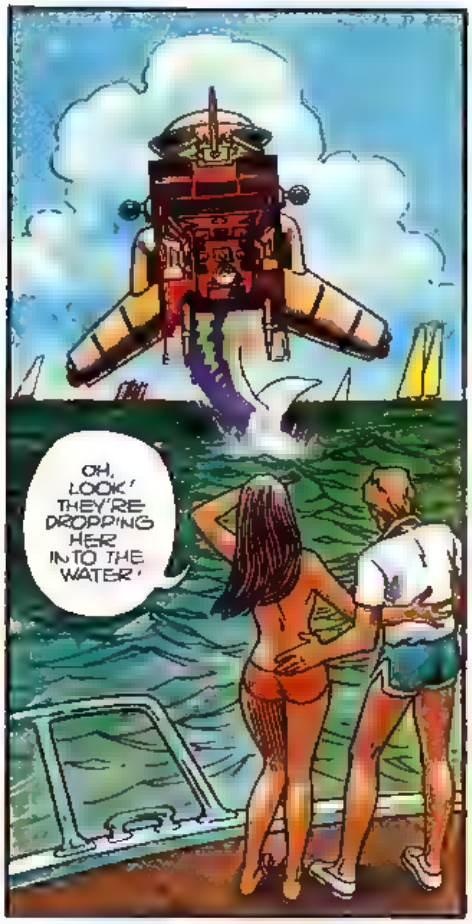
GOOD WORK, MEN!
CALL THE BASE! START HEATING UP THAT FRYING PAN! HEH HEH!
GOOD CAPTAIN!
3B

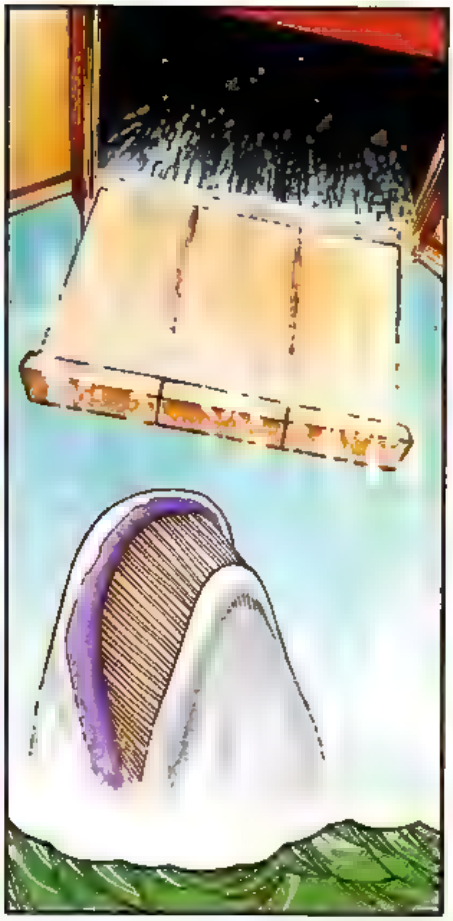
AFTER SIX MONTHS OF TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT
MEN, WITH ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT OF OUR EXPEDITION, I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU

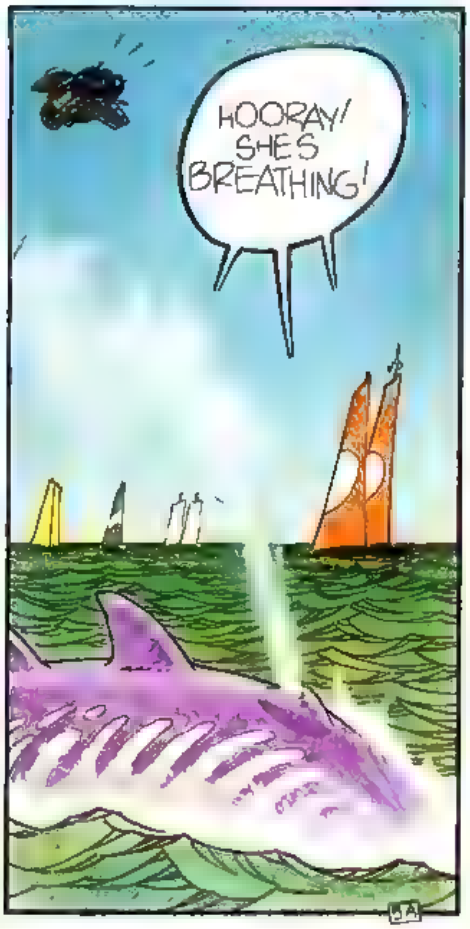

FOR WHAT YOU HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN SPITE OF THE DIFFICULTIES, THE DULL NIGHTS, THE DISCOMFORT OF THIS VESSEL, THE SYNTHETIC FOODS
DON'T FORGET THE STOPPED-UP TOILETS, CAPTAIN!
AND NO WOMEN

CAPTAIN!
THE TERRA III ANTENNA IS DIRECTING US TOWARD THE ALPHA BRIDGE
WE'LL FINALLY GET RID OF THAT DAMNED STINKING FISH!
4A


A LITTLE LATER, AT THE ALPHA BRIDGE
GP3
GP3
GP3
4B





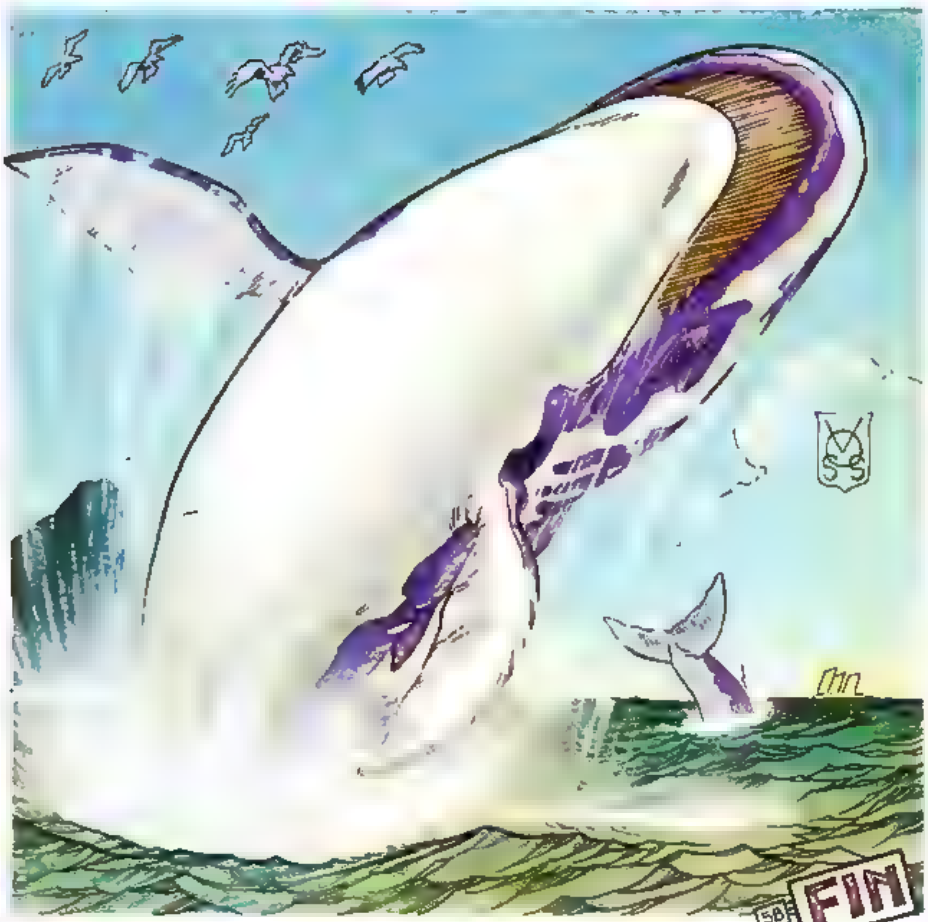


A FEW YEARS AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE LAST WHALE FROM EARTH, THE WELL-KNOWN ECOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION "THE GREEN PACIFIC" ORGANIZED AN EXPEDITION TO THE PLANET NERO II, ON WHICH A GROUP OF CETACEANS HAD BEEN SIGHTED BY A CARAVAN OF SPACE PIONEERS!

CURIOUSLY, CAPTAIN AHAB WAS NAMED TO LEAD THIS EXPEDITION, THE SAME MAN WHO HAD CONTRIBUTED TO THE EXTERMINATION OF THESE MAMMALIAN MARINERS MANY YEARS BEFORE

THANKS TO HIS TALENT AS A HUNTER AND THE COURAGE OF HIS VOLUNTEER CREW, WE ARE ABLE TODAY TO SEE IN THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT THE DESCENDANTS OF THAT FIRST EXTRATERRESTRIAL WHALE THE ONE THEY CALLED MOBY DICK!

GREEN PACIFIC



TRINITROMONOL SAVED OUR LOVE

A NOVEL ABOUT OUR HAPPY EXISTENCE BY DOMINIQUE HÉ

HONEY IT'S ALREADY 11 O'CLOCK HOW'S ABOUT GETTING UP NOW?

DRILLER

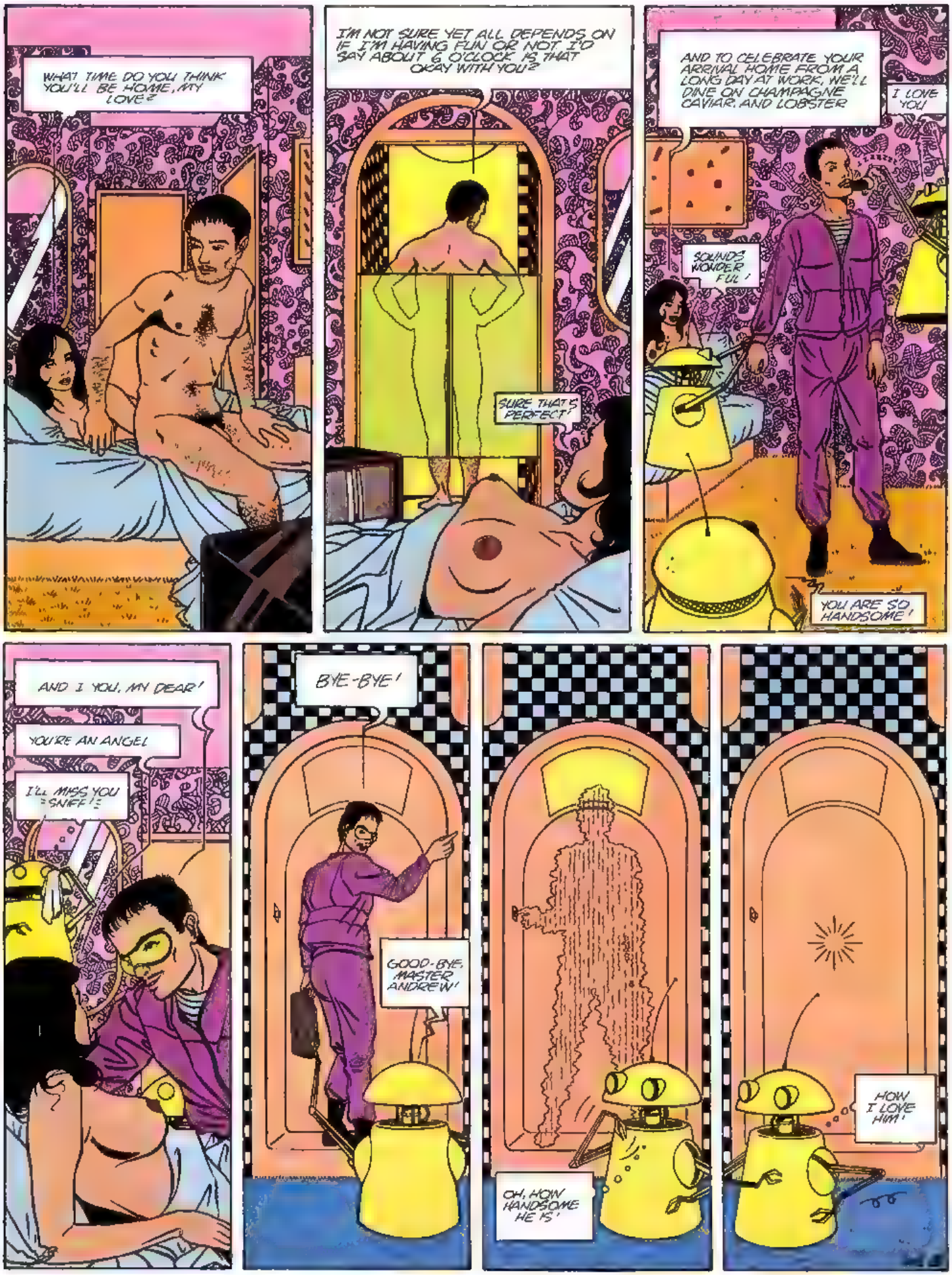
YEAH I GUESS I'D BETTER I WANT TO GET TO WORK EARLY THIS MORNING

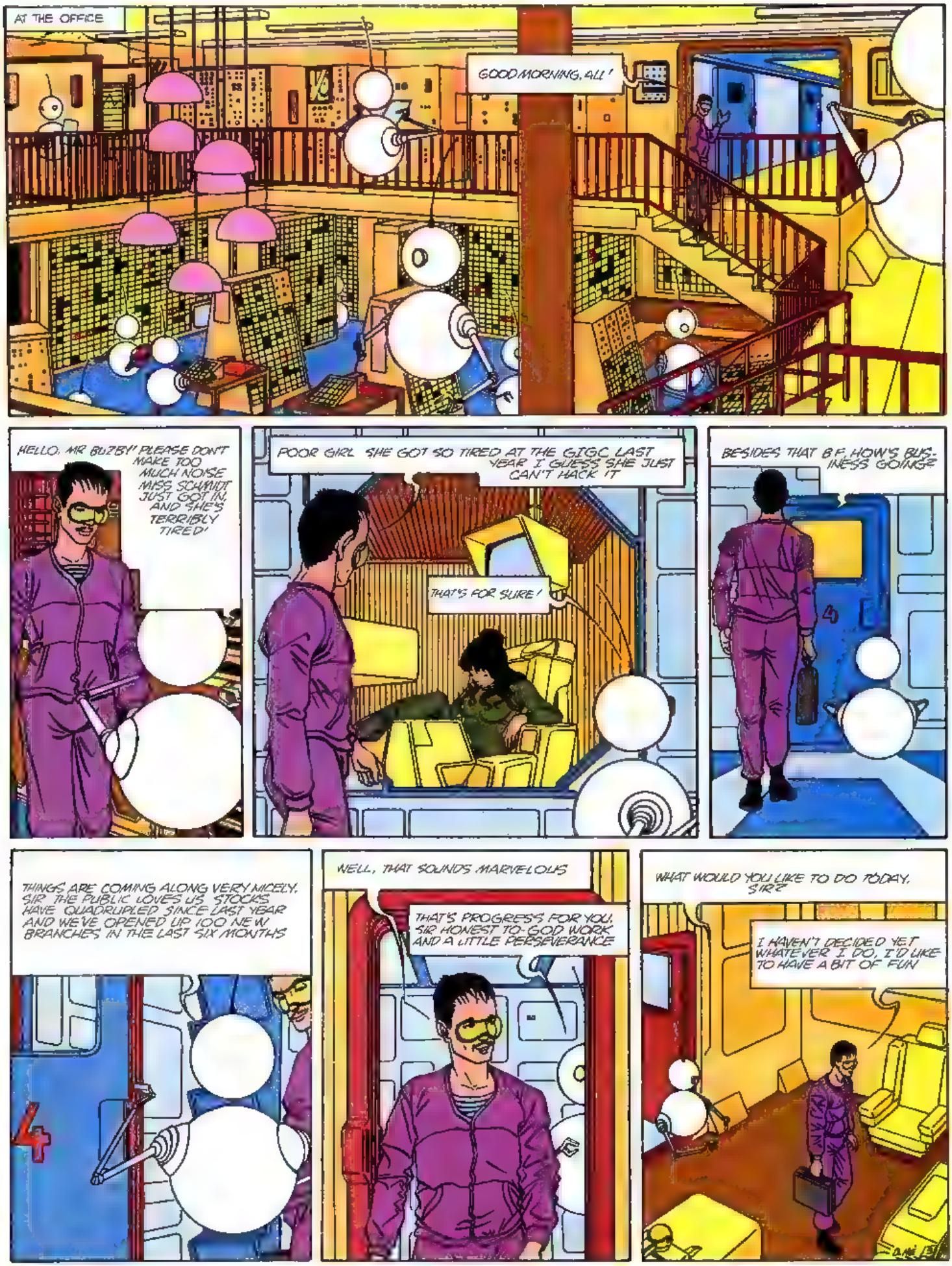
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO OVERDO IT THE WAY YOU DID LAST YEAR ARE YOU?

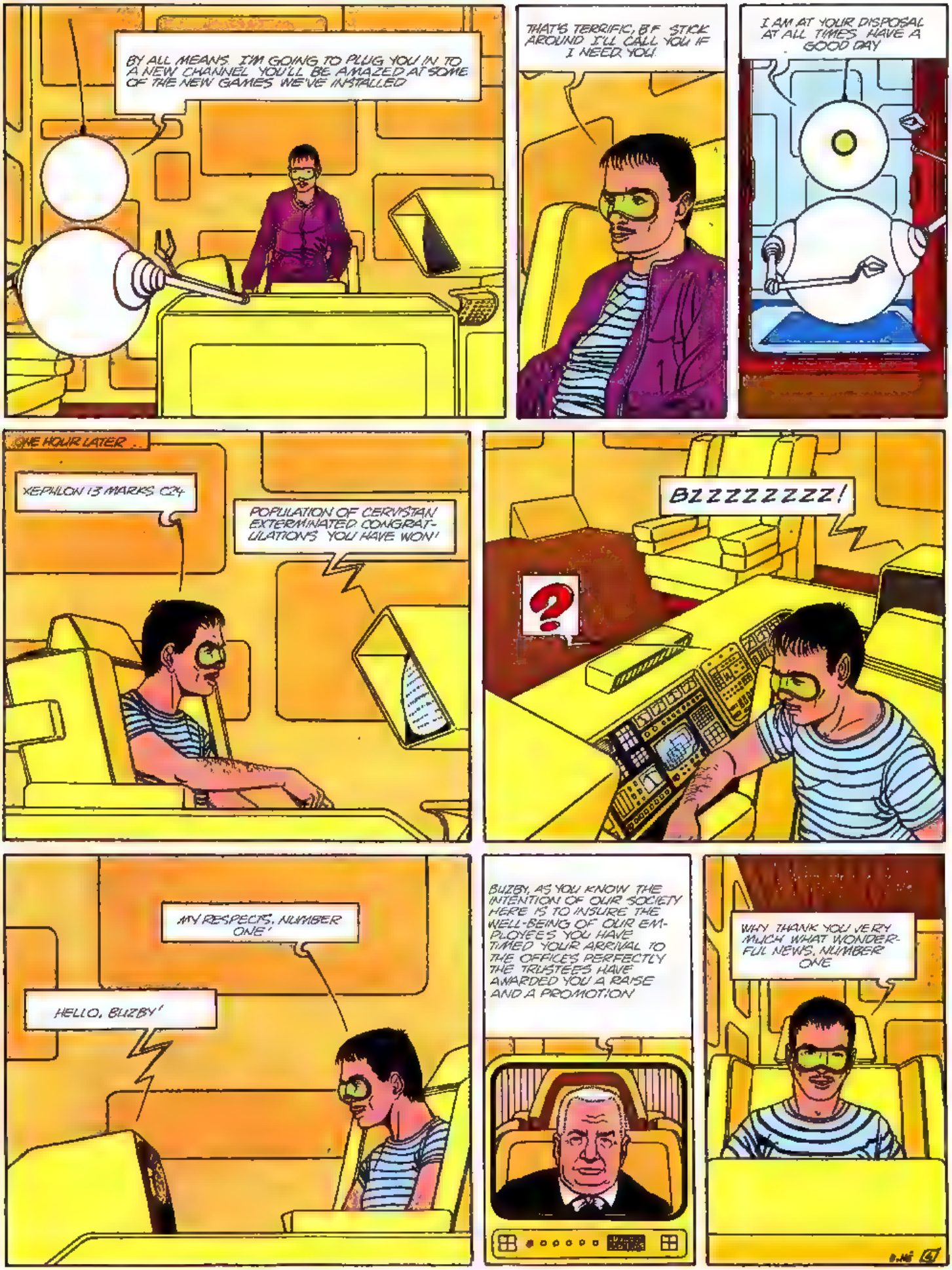
77

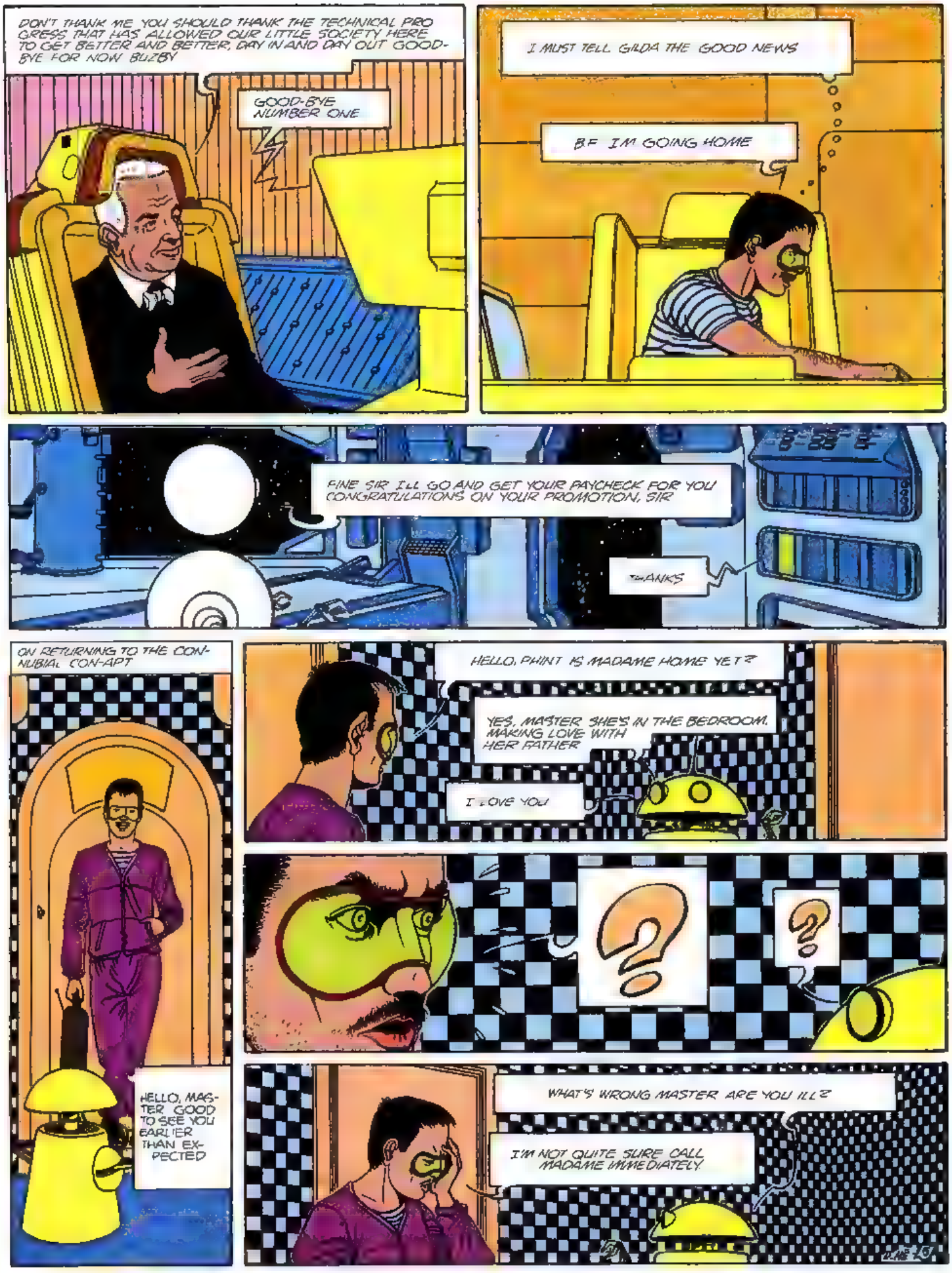
NO, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT I LIKE TO STOP BY THE OFFICE ONCE IN A WHILE

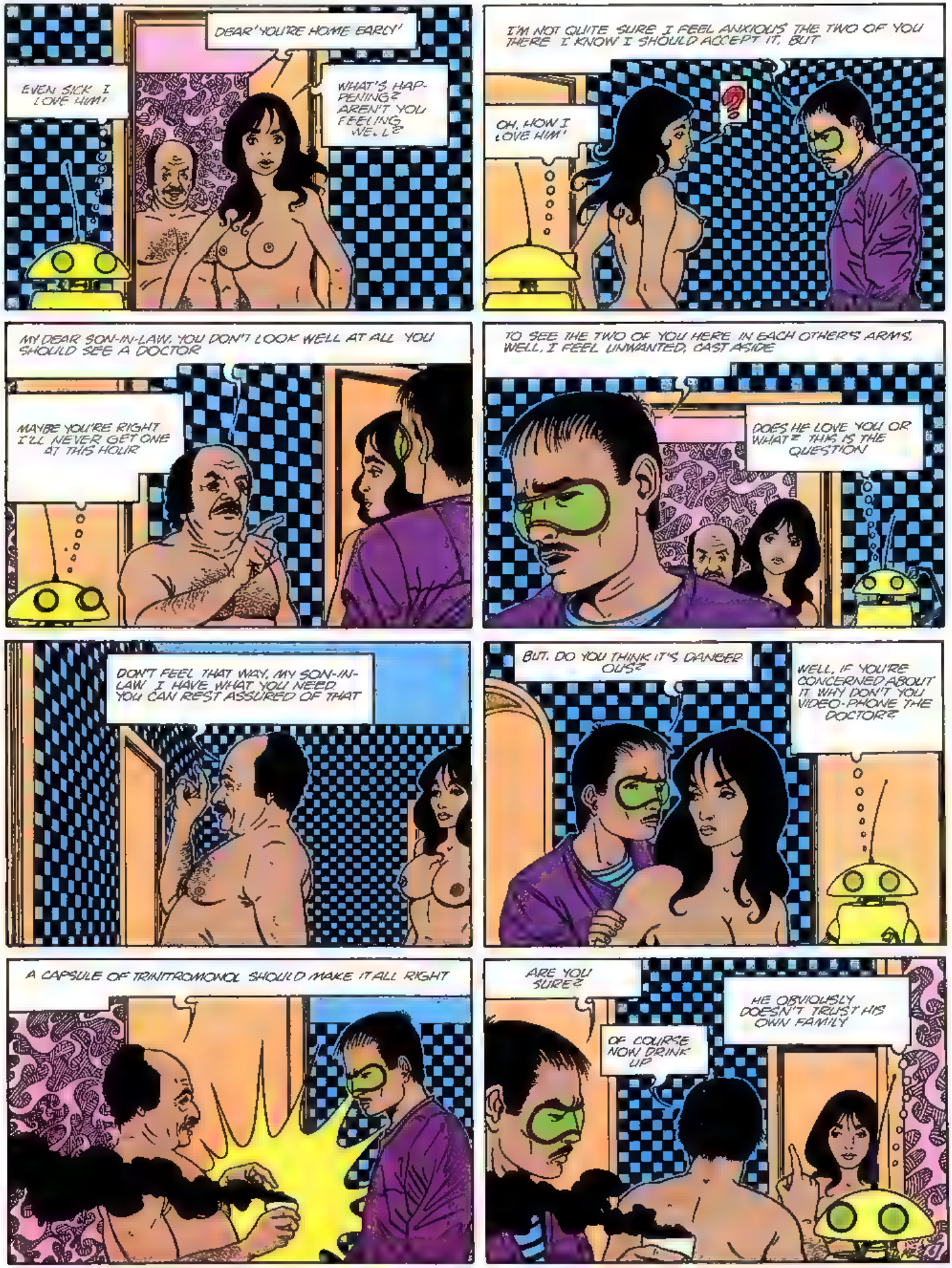
GOOD MORNING


WHAT TIME DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE HOME, MY LOVE?
I'M NOT SURE YET ALL DEPENDS ON IF I'M HAVING FUN OR NOT. I'D SAY ABOUT 6 O'CLOCK. IS THAT OKAY WITH YOU?
SURE THAT'S PERFECT!
AND TO CELEBRATE YOUR ARRIVAL HOME FROM A LONG DAY AT WORK, WE'LL DINE ON CHAMPAGNE CAVIAR, AND LOBSTER
I LOVE YOU!
SOUNDS WONDERFUL!
YOU ARE SO HANDSOME!
AND I YOU, MY DEAR!
YOU'RE AN ANGEL
I'LL MISS YOU =SNIFF!=
BYE-BYE!
GOOD-BYE, MASTER ANDREW!
OH, HOW HANDSOME HE IS!
HOW I LOVE HIM!


AT THE OFFICE
GOOD MORNING, ALL!
HELLO, MR BUZBY! PLEASE DON'T MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE MISS SCHMIDT JUST GOT IN, AND SHE'S TERRIBLY TIRED!
POOR GIRL SHE GOT SO TIRED AT THE GIGC LAST YEAR I GUESS SHE JUST CAN'T HACK IT
THAT'S FOR SURE!
BESIDES THAT B.F. HOW'S BUSINESS GOING?
THINGS ARE COMING ALONG VERY NICELY, SIR THE PUBLIC LOVES US STOCKS HAVE QUADRUPLED SINCE LAST YEAR AND WE'VE OPENED UP 100 NEW BRANCHES IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS
WELL, THAT SOUNDS MARVELOUS
THAT'S PROGRESS FOR YOU, SIR HONEST TO GOD WORK AND A LITTLE PERSEVERANCE
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO TODAY, SIR?
I HAVEN'T DECIDED YET WHATEVER I DO, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN


BY ALL MEANS I'M GOING TO PLUG YOU IN TO A NEW CHANNEL YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT SOME OF THE NEW GAMES WE'VE INSTALLED
THAT'S TERRIFIC, BF STICK AROUND I'LL CALL YOU IF I NEED YOU
I AM AT YOUR DISPOSAL AT ALL TIMES HAVE A GOOD DAY
ONE HOUR LATER ..
XEPHILON 13 MARKS C24
POPULATION OF CERVISTAN EXTERMINATED CONGRATULATIONS YOU HAVE WON!
BZZZZZZZZ!
?
MY RESPECTS, NUMBER ONE!
HELLO, BUZBY!
BUZBY, AS YOU KNOW THE INTENTION OF OUR SOCIETY HERE IS TO INSURE THE WELL-BEING OF OUR EMPLOYEES YOU HAVE TIMED YOUR ARRIVAL TO THE OFFICES PERFECTLY THE TRUSTEES HAVE AWARDED YOU A RAISE AND A PROMOTION
WHY THANK YOU VERY MUCH WHAT WONDERFUL NEWS, NUMBER ONE

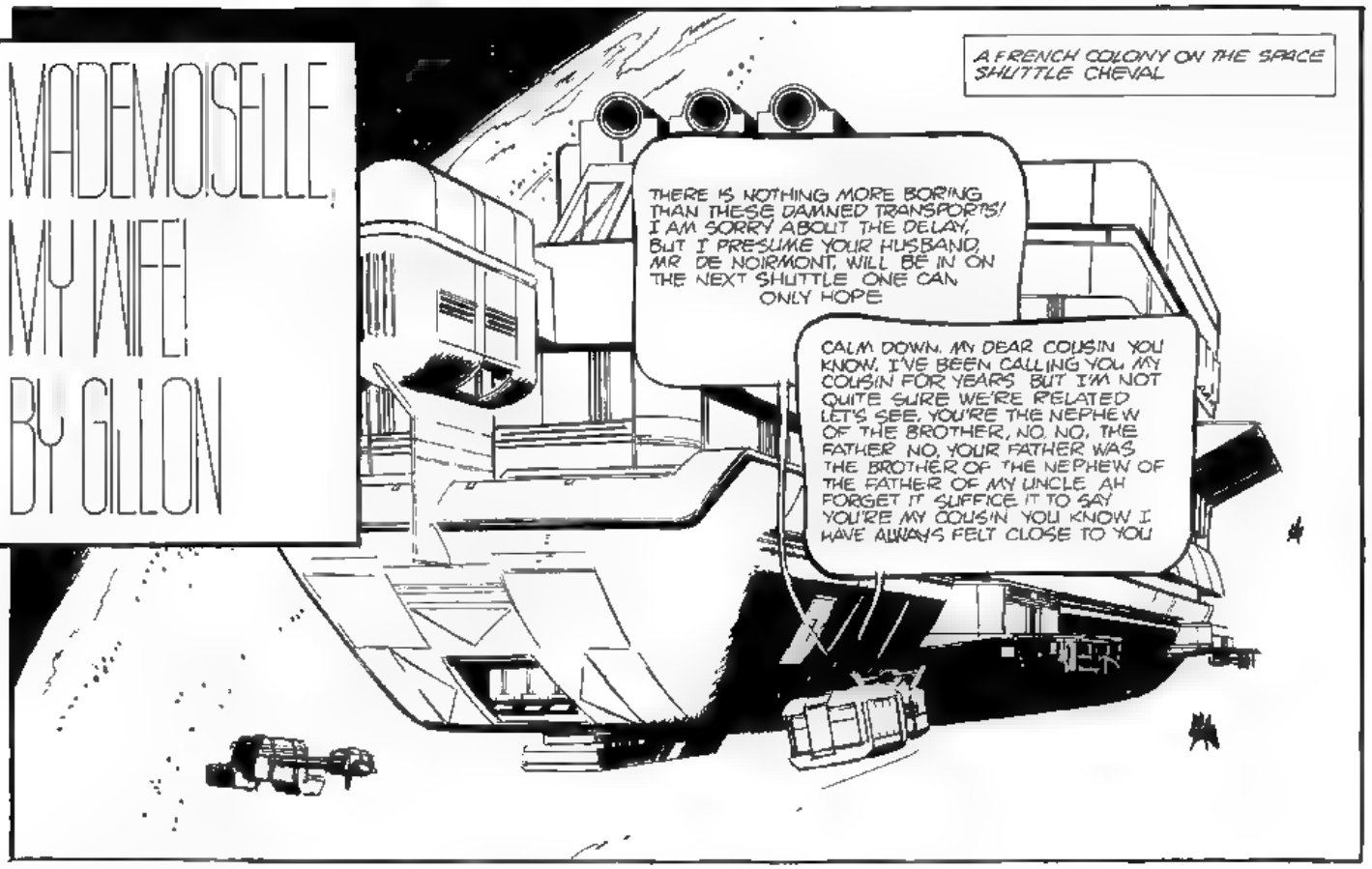

DON'T THANK ME YOU SHOULD THANK THE TECHNICAL PRO GRESS THAT HAS ALLOWED OUR LITTLE SOCIETY HERE TO GET BETTER AND BETTER, DAY IN AND DAY OUT GOOD-BYE FOR NOW BUZBY
GOOD-BYE NUMBER ONE
I MUST TELL GILDA THE GOOD NEWS
BF IM GOING HOME
FINE SIR I'LL GO AND GET YOUR PAYCHECK FOR YOU CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR PROMOTION, SIR
THANKS
ON RETURNING TO THE CON-NUBIAL CON-APT
HELLO, MAS-TER GOOD TO SEE YOU EARLIER THAN EX-PECTED
HELLO, PHINT IS MADAME HOME YET?
YES, MASTER SHE'S IN THE BEDROOM. MAKING LOVE WITH HER FATHER
I LOVE YOU
?
?
WHAT'S WRONG MASTER ARE YOU ILL?
I'M NOT QUITE SURE CALL MADAME IMMEDIATELY

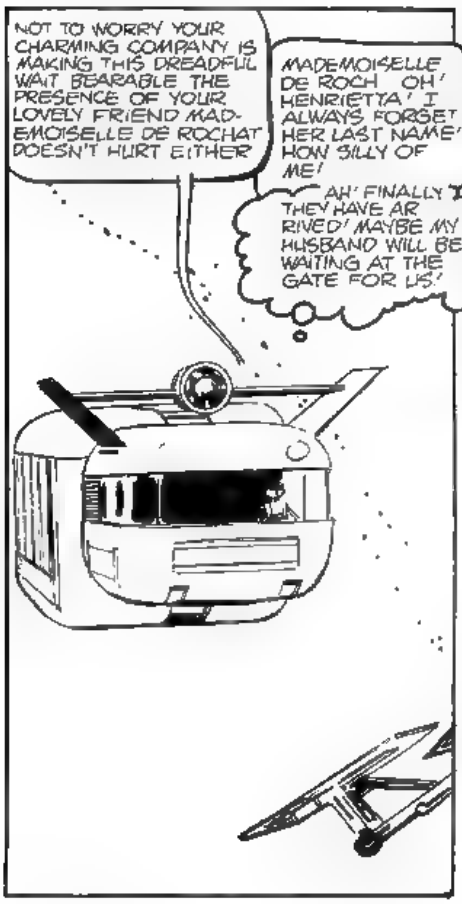

DEAR! YOU'RE HOME EARLY!
EVEN SICK I LOVE HIM!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL?
I'M NOT QUITE SURE I FEEL ANXIOUS THE TWO OF YOU THERE I KNOW I SHOULD ACCEPT IT, BUT
OH, HOW I LOVE HIM!
MY DEAR SON-IN-LAW, YOU DON'T LOOK WELL AT ALL YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL NEVER GET ONE AT THIS HOUR
TO SEE THE TWO OF YOU HERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, WELL, I FEEL UNWANTED, CAST ASIDE
DOES HE LOVE YOU OR WHAT? THIS IS THE QUESTION
DON'T FEEL THAT WAY, MY SON-IN-LAW I HAVE WHAT YOU NEED YOU CAN REST ASSURED OF THAT
BUT, DO YOU THINK IT'S DANGEROUS?
WELL, IF YOU'RE CONCERNED ABOUT IT WHY DON'T YOU VIDEO-PHONE THE DOCTOR?
A CAPSULE OF TRINITROMONOL SHOULD MAKE IT ALL RIGHT
ARE YOU SURE?
HE OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T TRUST HIS OWN FAMILY
OF COURSE NOW DRINK UP

AAAH!
YOU KNOW I FEEL BETTER ALREADY
I LOVE YOU
US TOO
AND ME TOO
TRINITROMONOL SAVED OUR LOVE
AND WE LOVE YOU ALL, TOO
GOOD NIGHT
ATTENTION:
TRINITROMONOL IS A MEDICINE. MAY CAUSE DROWSINESS. USE WITH DISCRETION WHEN OPERATING MACHINERY. KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN.
D.HÉ

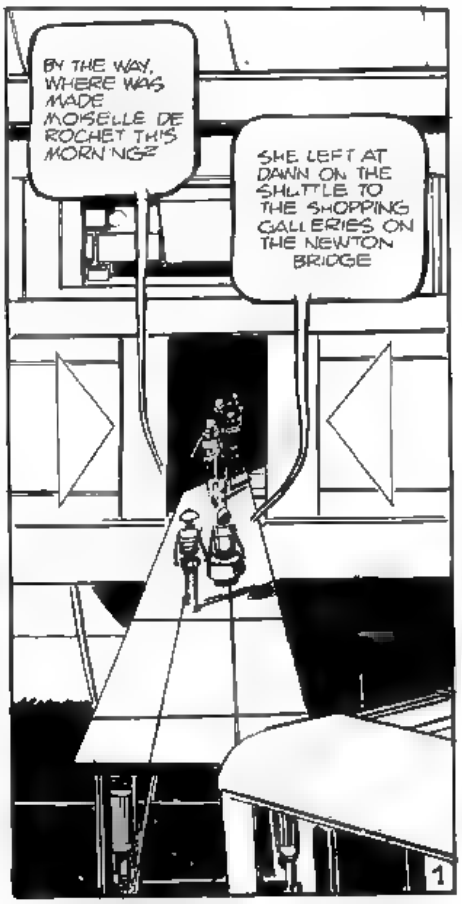
MADEMOISELLE, MY WIFE!

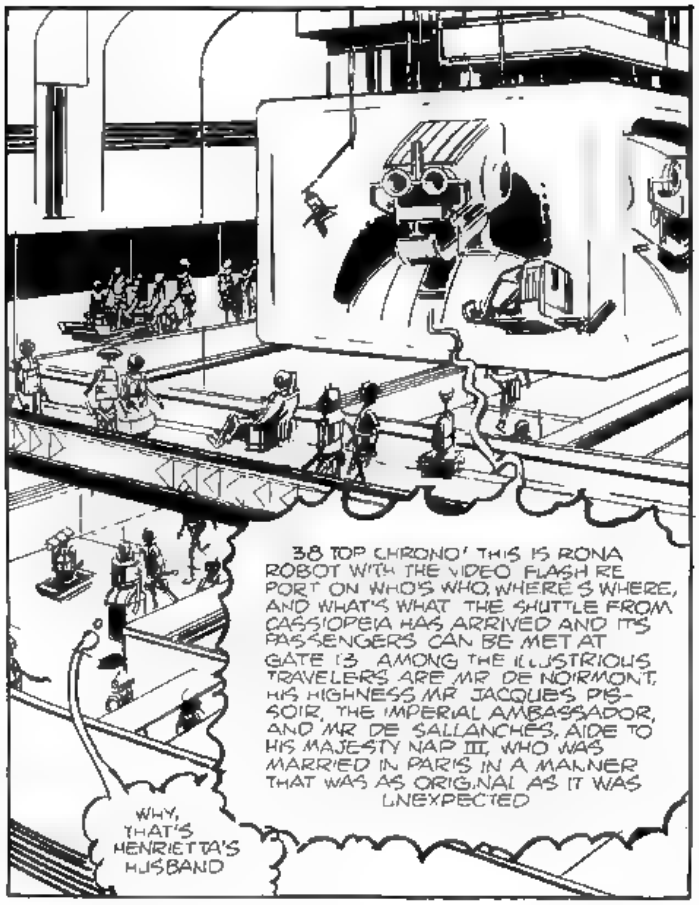
BY GILLON

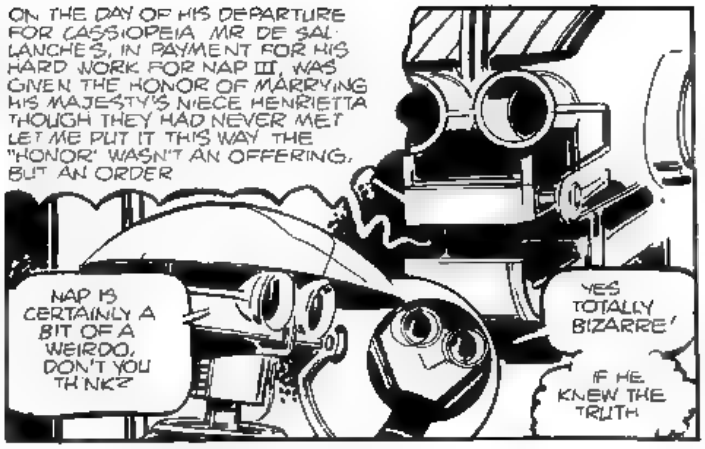

A FRENCH COLONY ON THE SPACE SHUTTLE CHEVAL
THERE IS NOTHING MORE BORING THAN THESE DAMNED TRANSPORTS! I AM SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, BUT I PRESUME YOUR HUSBAND, MR DE NOIRMONT, WILL BE IN ON THE NEXT SHUTTLE ONE CAN ONLY HOPE
CALM DOWN, MY DEAR COUSIN YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN CALLING YOU MY COUSIN FOR YEARS BUT I'M NOT QUITE SURE WE'RE RELATED LET'S SEE, YOU'RE THE NEPHEW OF THE BROTHER, NO, NO, THE FATHER NO, YOUR FATHER WAS THE BROTHER OF THE NEPHEW OF THE FATHER OF MY UNCLE AH FORGET IT SUFFICE IT TO SAY YOU'RE MY COUSIN YOU KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS FELT CLOSE TO YOU

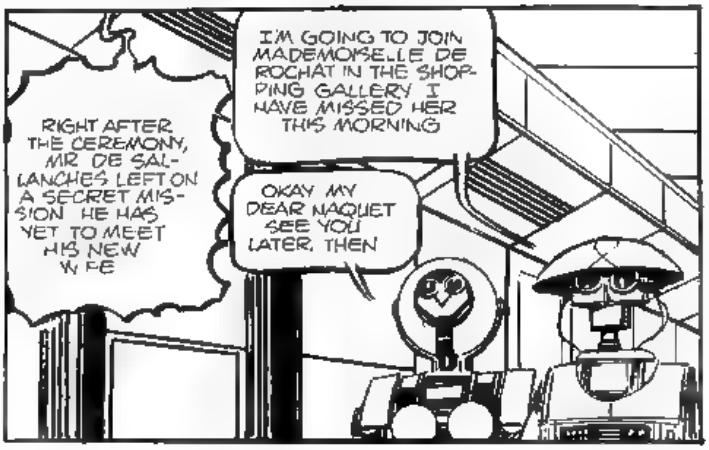

NOT TO WORRY YOUR CHARMING COMPANY IS MAKING THIS DREADFUL WAIT BEARABLE THE PRESENCE OF YOUR LOVELY FRIEND MAD-EMOISELLE DE ROCHAT DOESN'T HURT EITHER
MADEMOISELLE DE ROCH OH' HENRIETTA' I ALWAYS FORGET HER LAST NAME' HOW SILLY OF ME!
AH' FINALLY THEY HAVE AR RIVED' MAYBE MY HUSBAND WILL BE WAITING AT THE GATE FOR US'

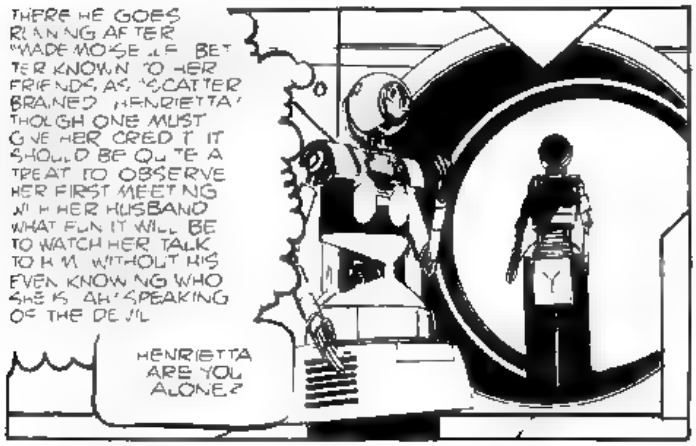
GISELLE' I AM CRAZY IN LOVE' PLEASE HELP ME SEDUCE HER'
BUT HOW CAN I HELP?
IF ONLY HE KNEW SHE IS MARRIED' BUT I PROMISED TO KEEP HER SECRET'

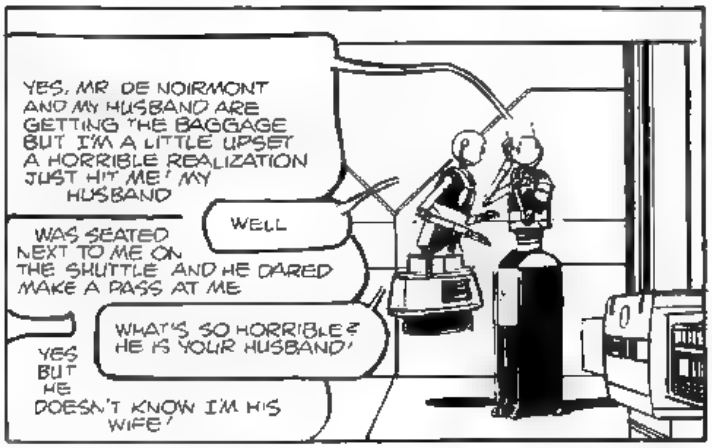

BY THE WAY, WHERE WAS MADE MOISELLE DE ROCHET THIS MORNING?
SHE LEFT AT DAWN ON THE SHUTTLE TO THE SHOPPING GALLERIES ON THE NEWTON BRIDGE
1

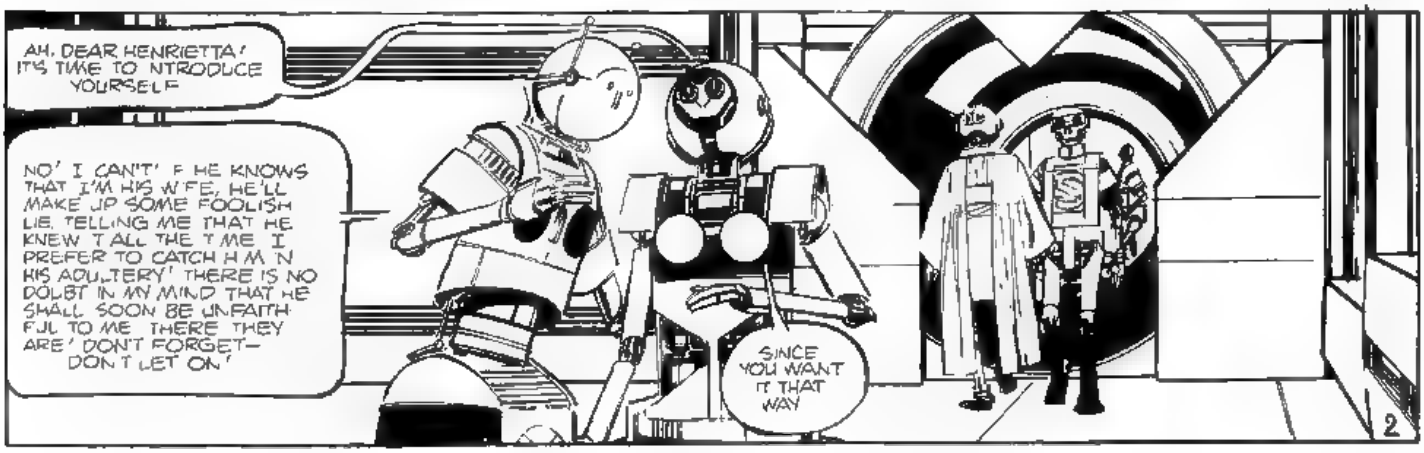

38 TOP CHRONO! THIS IS RONA ROBOT WITH THE VIDEO FLASH REPORT ON WHO'S WHO, WHERE'S WHERE, AND WHAT'S WHAT. THE SHUTTLE FROM CASSIOPEIA HAS ARRIVED AND ITS PASSENGERS CAN BE MET AT GATE 13. AMONG THE ILLUSTRIOUS TRAVELERS ARE MR DE NOIRMONT, HIS HIGHNESS MR JACQUES PISSOIR, THE IMPERIAL AMBASSADOR, AND MR DE SALLANCHES, AIDE TO HIS MAJESTY NAP III, WHO WAS MARRIED IN PARIS IN A MANNER THAT WAS AS ORIGINAL AS IT WAS UNEXPECTED
WHY, THAT'S HENRIETTA'S HUSBAND

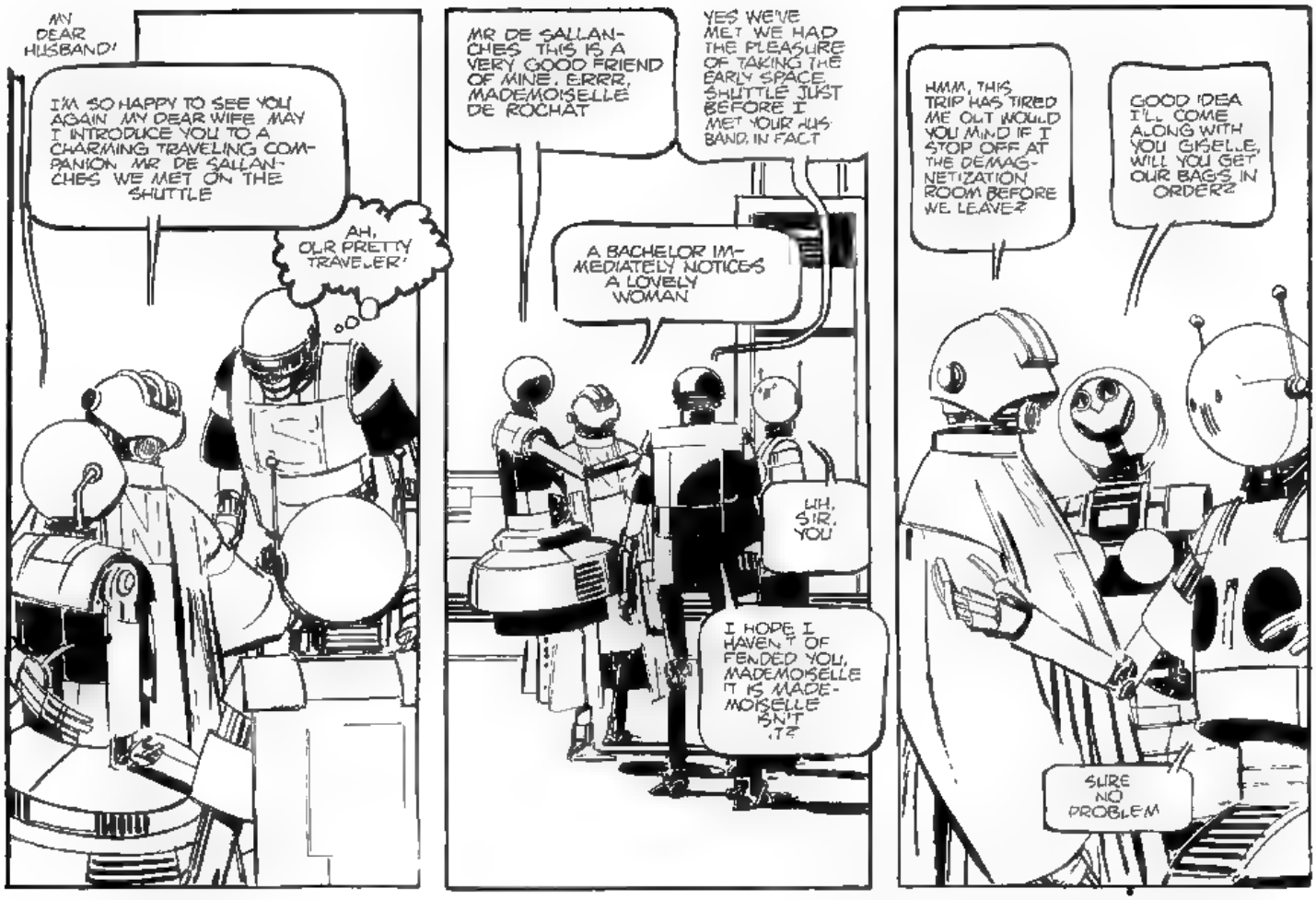

ON THE DAY OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR CASSIOPEIA, MR DE SALLANCHES, IN PAYMENT FOR HIS HARD WORK FOR NAP III, WAS GIVEN THE HONOR OF MARRYING HIS MAJESTY'S NIECE HENRIETTA. THOUGH THEY HAD NEVER MET. LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY: THE "HONOR" WASN'T AN OFFERING, BUT AN ORDER
NAP IS CERTAINLY A BIT OF A WEIRDO, DON'T YOU THINK?
YES, TOTALLY BIZARRE!
IF HE KNEW THE TRUTH

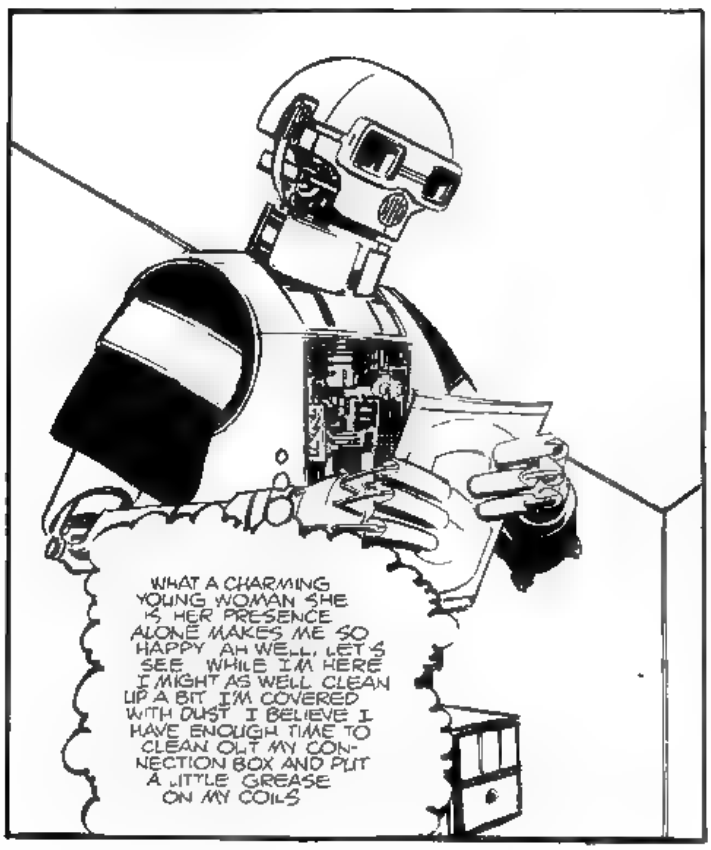

I'M GOING TO JOIN MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT IN THE SHOPPING GALLERY. I HAVE MISSED HER THIS MORNING
RIGHT AFTER THE CEREMONY, MR DE SALLANCHES LEFT ON A SECRET MISSION. HE HAS YET TO MEET HIS NEW WIFE
OKAY, MY DEAR NAQUET. SEE YOU LATER, THEN

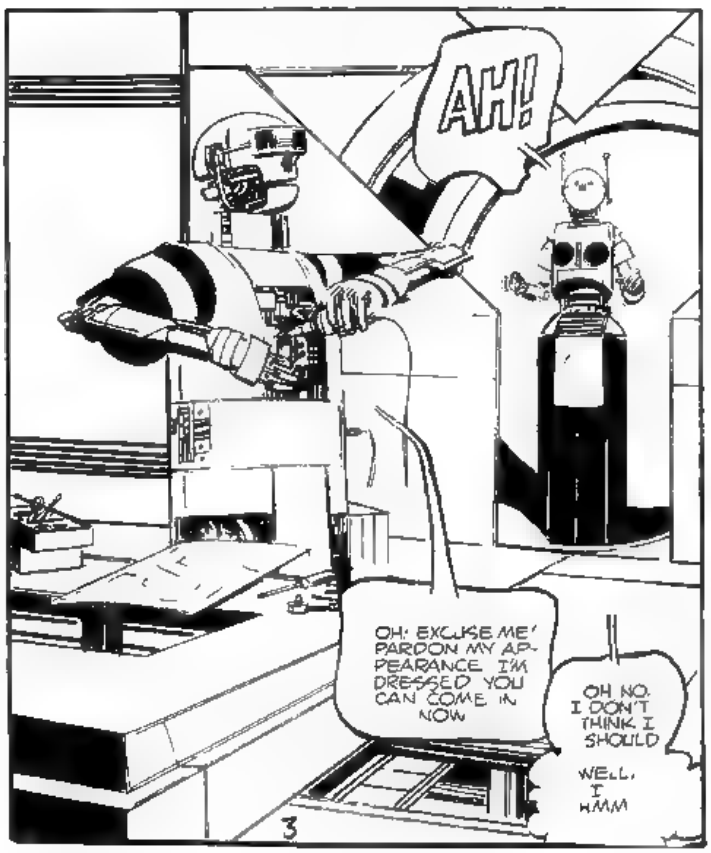

THERE HE GOES RUNNING AFTER "MADEMOISELLE" BETTER KNOWN TO HER FRIENDS AS "SCATTER BRAINED HENRIETTA" THOUGH ONE MUST GIVE HER CREDIT. IT SHOULD BE QUITE A TREAT TO OBSERVE HER FIRST MEETING WITH HER HUSBAND. WHAT FUN IT WILL BE TO WATCH HER TALK TO H.M. WITHOUT HIS EVEN KNOWING WHO SHE IS. AH! SPEAKING OF THE DEVIL
HENRIETTA, ARE YOU ALONE?


YES, MR DE NOIRMONT AND MY HUSBAND ARE GETTING THE BAGGAGE. BUT I'M A LITTLE UPSET. A HORRIBLE REALIZATION JUST HIT ME! MY HUSBAND
WELL
WAS SEATED NEXT TO ME ON THE SHUTTLE AND HE DARED MAKE A PASS AT ME
WHAT'S SO HORRIBLE? HE IS YOUR HUSBAND!
YES, BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M HIS WIFE!

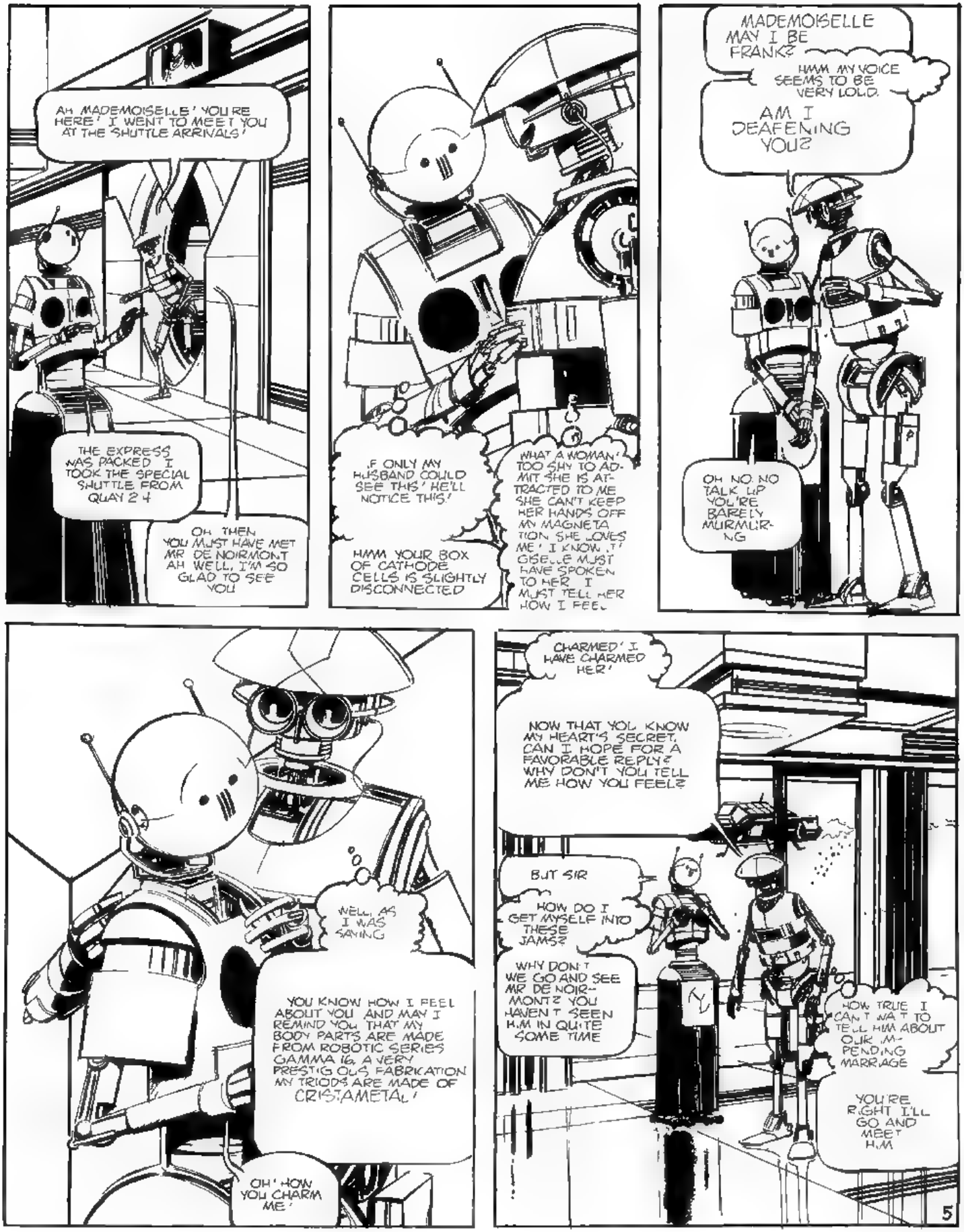

AH, DEAR HENRIETTA! IT'S TIME TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF
NO! I CAN'T! IF HE KNOWS THAT I'M HIS WIFE, HE'LL MAKE UP SOME FOOLISH LIE, TELLING ME THAT HE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME. I PREFER TO CATCH HIM IN HIS ADULTERY! THERE IS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT HE SHALL SOON BE UNFAITHFUL TO ME. THERE THEY ARE! DON'T FORGET— DON'T LET ON!
SINCE YOU WANT IT THAT WAY
2


MY DEAR HUSBAND!
I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU AGAIN MY DEAR WIFE MAY I INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING TRAVELING COMPANION MR DE SALLANCHES WE MET ON THE SHUTTLE
AH, OUR PRETTY TRAVELER!
MR DE SALLANCHES THIS IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, ERRR, MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT
YES WE'VE MET WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF TAKING THE EARLY SPACE SHUTTLE JUST BEFORE I MET YOUR HUSBAND, IN FACT
A BACHELOR IMMEDIATELY NOTICES A LOVELY WOMAN
UH, SIR, YOU
I HOPE I HAVEN'T OFFENDED YOU, MADEMOISELLE IT IS MADEMOISELLE ISN'T IT?
HMM, THIS TRIP HAS TIRED ME OUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I STOP OFF AT THE DEMAGNETIZATION ROOM BEFORE WE LEAVE?
GOOD IDEA I'LL COME ALONG WITH YOU GISELLE, WILL YOU GET OUR BAGS IN ORDER?
SURE NO PROBLEM

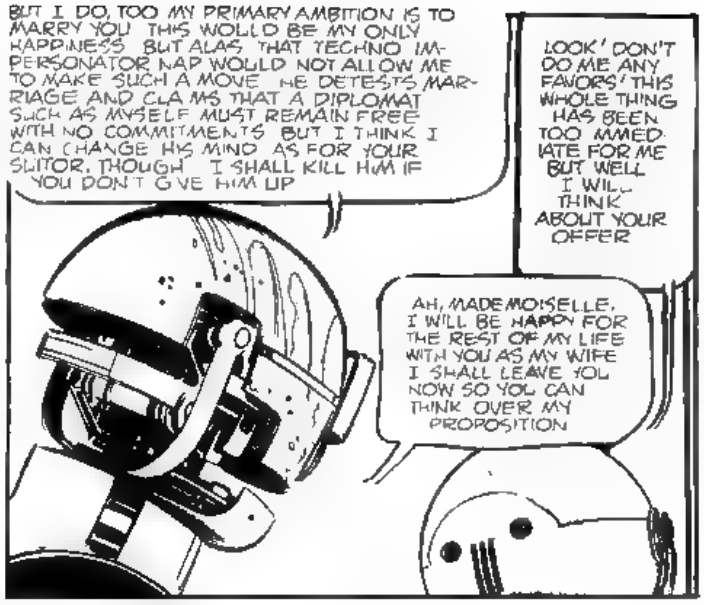

WHAT A CHARMING YOUNG WOMAN SHE IS, HER PRESENCE ALONE MAKES ME SO HAPPY AH WELL, LET'S SEE WHILE I'M HERE I MIGHT AS WELL CLEAN UP A BIT I'M COVERED WITH DUST I BELIEVE I HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO CLEAN OUT MY CONNECTION BOX AND PUT A LITTLE GREASE ON MY COILS

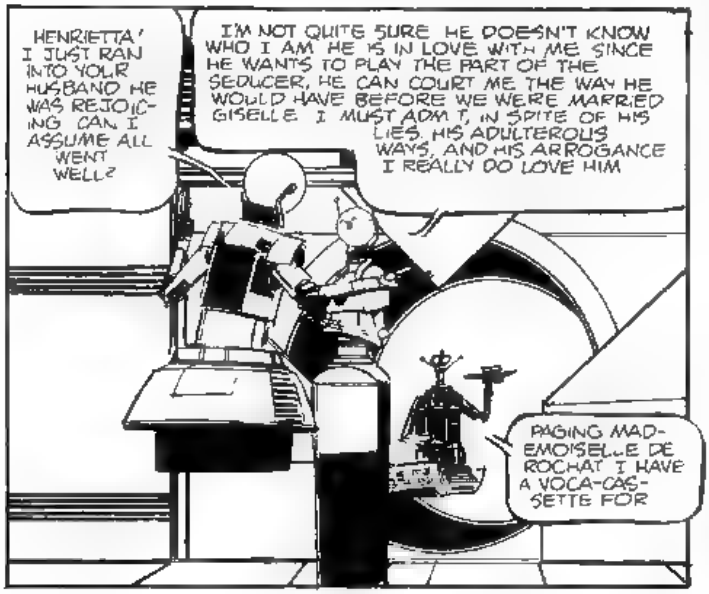

AH!
OH! EXCUSE ME! PARDON MY APPEARANCE I'M DRESSED YOU CAN COME IN NOW
OH NO I DON'T THINK I SHOULD
WELL, I HMM
3

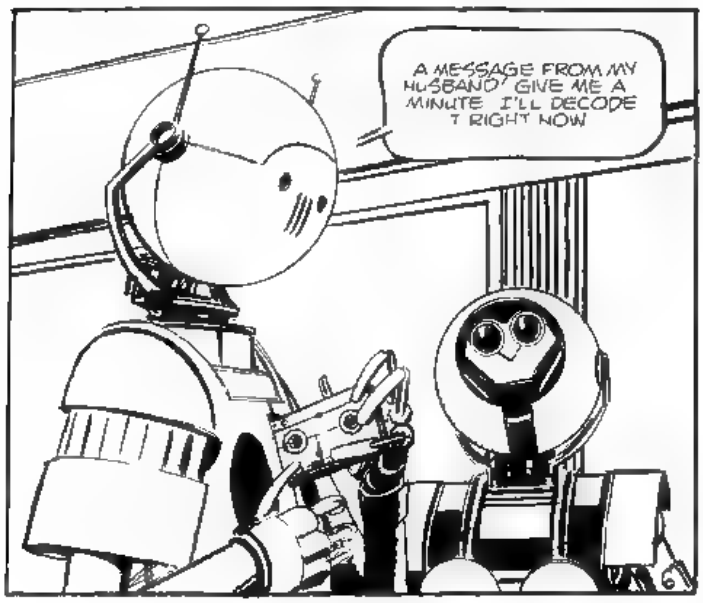
THERE NOW I'M DECENT NO ONE COULD OBJECT' WILL YOU BE STAYING A WHILE? IF SO I HOPE TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IN THE NEAR FUTURE SHALL WE SAY SUPPER TOMORROW NIGHT?
WE'RE LEAVING TOMORROW FOR THE SOL SYSTEM WE'RE TAKING THE SPATION EXPRESS IN THE MORNING
WELL, WHAT A WONDERFUL COINCIDENCE' SO AM I'
YES BUT MMM WE'RE GOING BACK TO PARIS
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT' SO AM I'
BUT SIR MY HUS
OH, PLEASE' DON'T CAST ME ASIDE ANY LONGER HAVEN'T YOU FIGURED IT OUT, FUNNYFACE? YOU DRIVE ME WILD'
WELL
PLEASE DON'T SHUT ME OUT' YOU MUST HAVE GUESSED FROM THE MOMENT I MET YOU, I KNEW YOU HAD TO BE MINE FOREVER DON'T TRY AND DENY THAT YOU'RE WILD ABOUT ME, TOO MY HEART IS RACING, MY CONNECTION BOX IS STEAMING DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT?
HE'S A TERRIFIC LOVER' TOO BAD HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M HIS WIFE'
CALM DOWN, PLEASE'
I AM ON FIRE' I WANT YOU FOR MY OWN' YET YOU REMAIN SO DISTANT' DO YOU, BY ANY CHANCE HAVE ANOTHER LOVER?
ANOTHER LOVER? WHY, YES' OH, SWEET REVENGE
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DO!
WHAT IS THE NAME OF THIS BAS- THIS LUCKY GENT?
WELL ERRR IT'S NAQUET MR NAQUET AND HERE HE IS NOW HE IS TERRIBLY JEALOUS I'LL BE A GONER IF HE FINDS ME HERE WITH YOU PLEASE HIDE HMM OVER HERE'
BUT THIS IS THE OBSERVATION TOWER AND I DON'T HAVE A PRESSURIZED SUIT
HOLD YOUR BREATH'
BUT BUT OKAY I SHALL DO THIS FOR YOUR HONOR
IF SHE HIDES ME IT MUST BE BECAUSE SHE LOVES ME
4


AH MADEMOISELLE! YOU'RE HERE! I WENT TO MEET YOU AT THE SHUTTLE ARRIVALS!
THE EXPRESS WAS PACKED I TOOK THE SPECIAL SHUTTLE FROM QUAY 24
OH THEN YOU MUST HAVE MET MR DE NOIRMONT AH WELL, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU
IF ONLY MY HUSBAND COULD SEE THIS! HE'LL NOTICE THIS!
HMM YOUR BOX OF CATHODE CELLS IS SLIGHTLY DISCONNECTED
WHAT A WOMAN! TOO SHY TO ADMIT SHE IS ATTRACTED TO ME SHE CAN'T KEEP HER HANDS OFF MY MAGNETATION SHE LOVES ME! I KNOW IT! GISELLE MUST HAVE SPOKEN TO HER I MUST TELL HER HOW I FEEL
MADEMOISELLE MAY I BE FRANK?
HMM MY VOICE SEEMS TO BE VERY LOUD.
AM I DEAFENING YOU?
OH NO NO TALK UP YOU'RE BARELY MURMURING
WELL, AS I WAS SAYING
YOU KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU AND MAY I REMIND YOU THAT MY BODY PARTS ARE MADE FROM ROBOTIC SERIES GAMMA 16, A VERY PRESTIGIOUS FABRICATION MY TRIODS ARE MADE OF CRISTAMETAL!
OH! HOW YOU CHARM ME!
CHARMED! I HAVE CHARMED HER!
NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY HEART'S SECRET, CAN I HOPE FOR A FAVORABLE REPLY? WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME HOW YOU FEEL?
BUT SIR
HOW DO I GET MYSELF INTO THESE JAMS?
WHY DON'T WE GO AND SEE MR DE NOIRMONT? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN QUITE SOME TIME
HOW TRUE I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HIM ABOUT OUR IMPENDING MARRIAGE
YOU'RE RIGHT I'LL GO AND MEET HIM
5

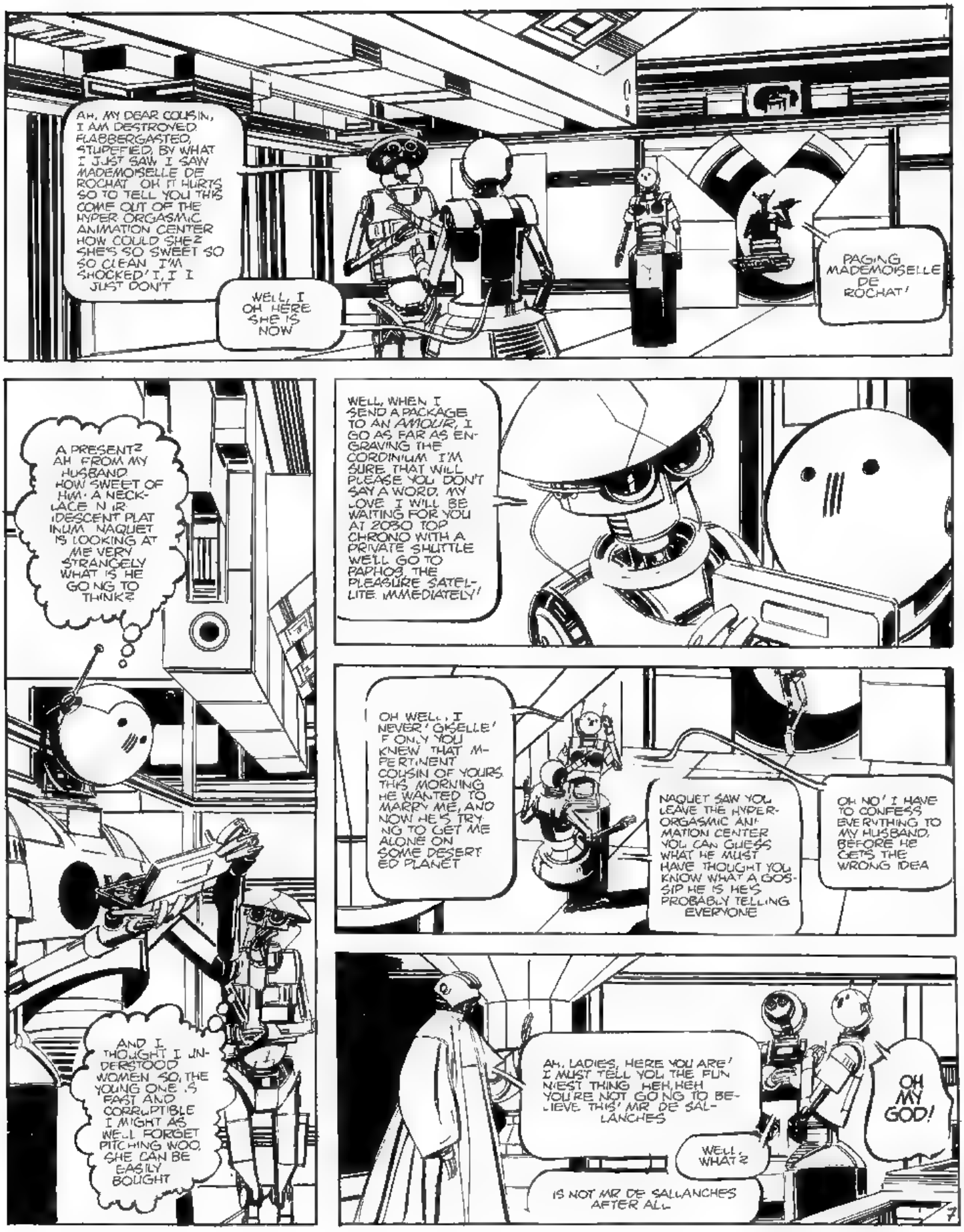
AH! THE COAST IS FINALLY CLEAR! WELL I'M IN A STATE AN ASTRO CARGO UNLOADED 100 GALLONS OF OIL, WITHOUT TURNING ON ITS WARNING BLINKERS I'M SOAKED! I FAINTED FOUR TIMES OUT THERE BECAUSE OF LACK OF OXYGEN AND WHAT'S MORE I HEARD EVERYTHING HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SUCH A FOOL? YOU LOVE THIS YOUNG MAN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY HIM AREN'T YOU?
I DIDN'T SAY THAT HE WANTS TO MARRY ME

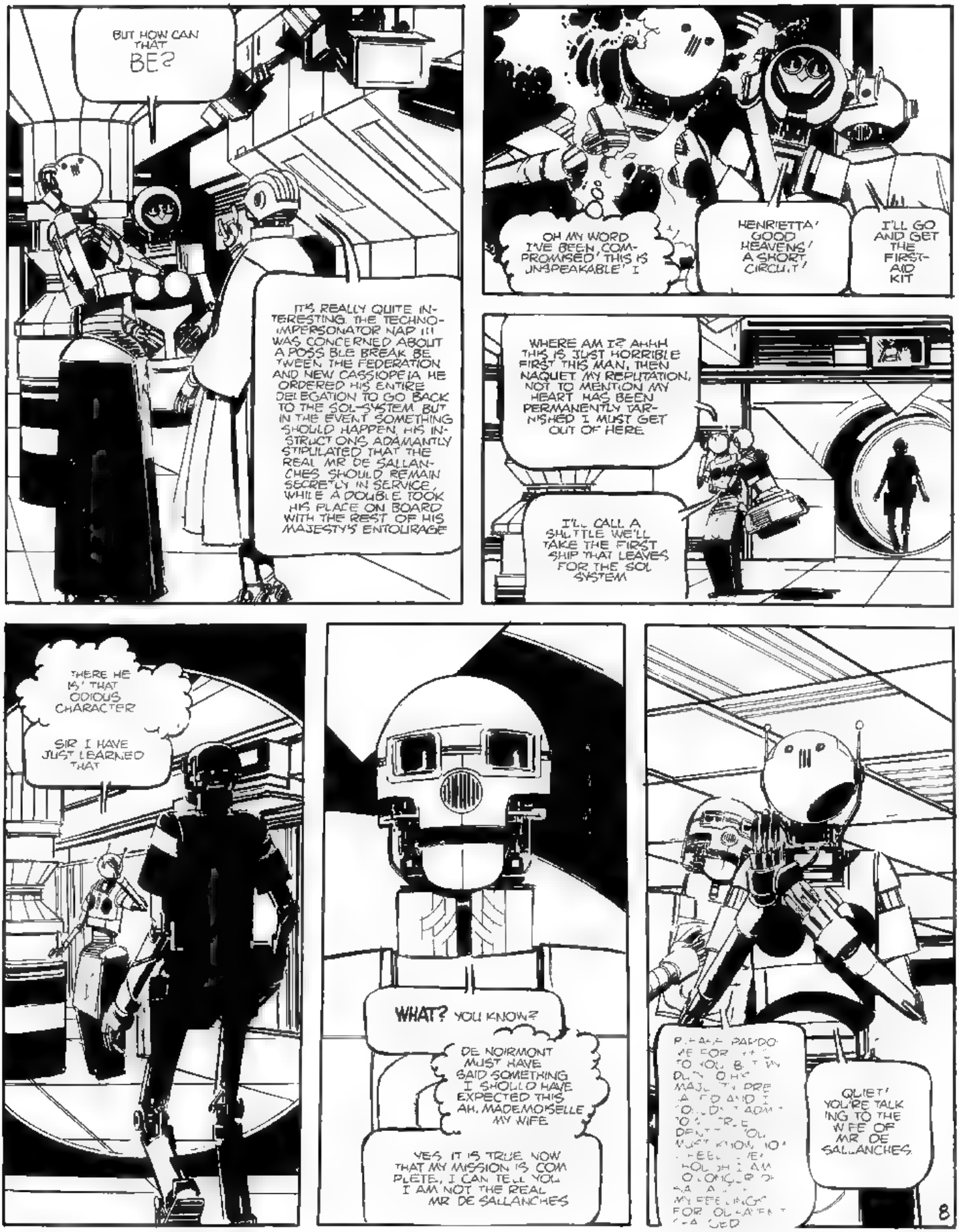

BUT I DO, TOO MY PRIMARY AMBITION IS TO MARRY YOU THIS WOULD BE MY ONLY HAPPINESS BUT ALAS THAT TECHNO IMPERSONATOR NAP WOULD NOT ALLOW ME TO MAKE SUCH A MOVE HE DETESTS MARRIAGE AND CLAIMS THAT A DIPLOMAT SUCH AS MYSELF MUST REMAIN FREE WITH NO COMMITMENTS BUT I THINK I CAN CHANGE HIS MIND AS FOR YOUR SUITOR, THOUGH I SHALL KILL HIM IF YOU DON'T GIVE HIM UP
LOOK! DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS! THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN TOO IMMEDIATE FOR ME BUT WELL I WILL THINK ABOUT YOUR OFFER
AH, MADEMOISELLE, I WILL BE HAPPY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU AS MY WIFE I SHALL LEAVE YOU NOW SO YOU CAN THINK OVER MY PROPOSITION


HENRIETTA! I JUST RAN INTO YOUR HUSBAND HE WAS REJOICING CAN I ASSUME ALL WENT WELL?
I'M NOT QUITE SURE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM HE IS IN LOVE WITH ME SINCE HE WANTS TO PLAY THE PART OF THE SEDUCER, HE CAN COURT ME THE WAY HE WOULD HAVE BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED GISELLE I MUST ADMIT, IN SPITE OF HIS LIES, HIS ADULTEROUS WAYS, AND HIS ARROGANCE I REALLY DO LOVE HIM
PAGING MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT I HAVE A VOCA-CASSETTE FOR

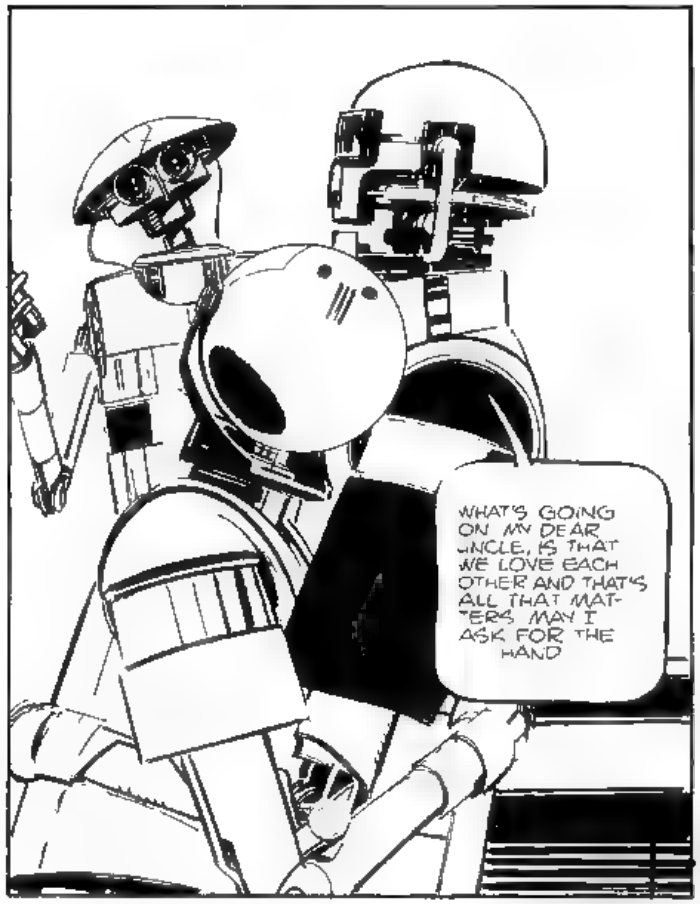

A MESSAGE FROM MY HUSBAND! GIVE ME A MINUTE I'LL DECODE IT RIGHT NOW

"I SHALL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE HYPER ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTER AT 1800 MY RHEOSTATS ARE WILD DON'T MAKE ME ANGUISH IF YOU DON'T COME I WON'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS OR MY FUSES!"
WHAT AUDACITY! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
HMM, HE'S A BIT OF A RAKE BUT I'LL ACCEPT
YOU'RE CRAZY!
HE IS MY HUSBAND, AFTER ALL I SHALL MEET HIM!

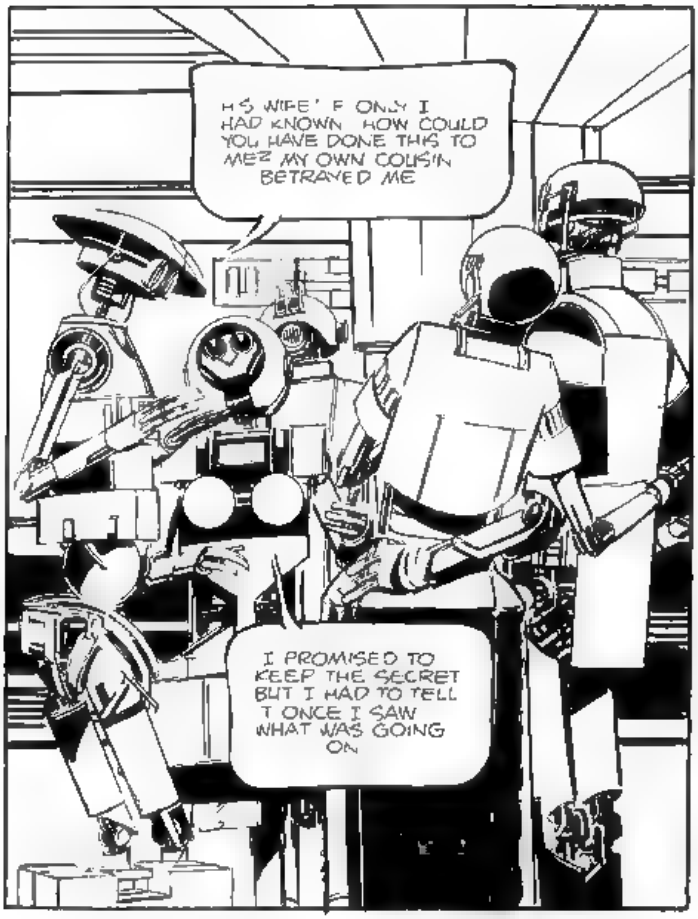

AH, MY DEAR COUSIN, I AM DESTROYED FLABBERGASTED, STUPEFIED, BY WHAT I JUST SAW. I SAW MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT. OH IT HURTS SO TO TELL YOU THIS COME OUT OF THE HYPER ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTER HOW COULD SHE? SHE'S SO SWEET SO SO CLEAN. I'M SHOCKED! I, I I JUST DON'T
WELL, I OH HERE SHE IS NOW
PAGING MADEMOISELLE DE ROCHAT!
A PRESENT? AH FROM MY HUSBAND HOW SWEET OF HIM. A NECKLACE. N IR IDESCENT PLAT INUM NAQUET IS LOOKING AT ME VERY STRANGELY WHAT IS HE GO NG TO THINK?
AND I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD WOMEN. SO, THE YOUNG ONE'S FAST AND CORRUPTIBLE I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET PITCHING WOO. SHE CAN BE EASILY BOUGHT
WELL, WHEN I SEND A PACKAGE TO AN AMOUR, I GO AS FAR AS ENGRAVING THE CORDINIUM. I'M SURE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU. DON'T SAY A WORD. MY LOVE. I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU AT 2080 TOP CHRONO WITH A PRIVATE SHUTTLE WE'LL GO TO PAPHOS, THE PLEASURE SATELLITE IMMEDIATELY!
OH WELL, I NEVER! GISELLE! IF ONLY YOU KNEW THAT IMPERTINENT COUSIN OF YOURS THIS MORNING HE WANTED TO MARRY ME, AND NOW HE'S TRYING TO GET ME ALONE ON SOME DESERTED PLANET
NAQUET SAW YOU LEAVE THE HYPER-ORGASMIC ANIMATION CENTER. YOU CAN GUESS WHAT HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT. YOU KNOW WHAT A GOSSIP HE IS. HE'S PROBABLY TELLING EVERYONE
OH NO! I HAVE TO CONFESS EVERYTHING TO MY HUSBAND, BEFORE HE GETS THE WRONG IDEA
AH, LADIES, HERE YOU ARE! I MUST TELL YOU, THE FUNNIEST THING. HEH, HEH YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS! MR DE SALLANCHES
WELL, WHAT?
IS NOT MR DE SALLANCHES AFTER ALL
OH MY GOD!
7

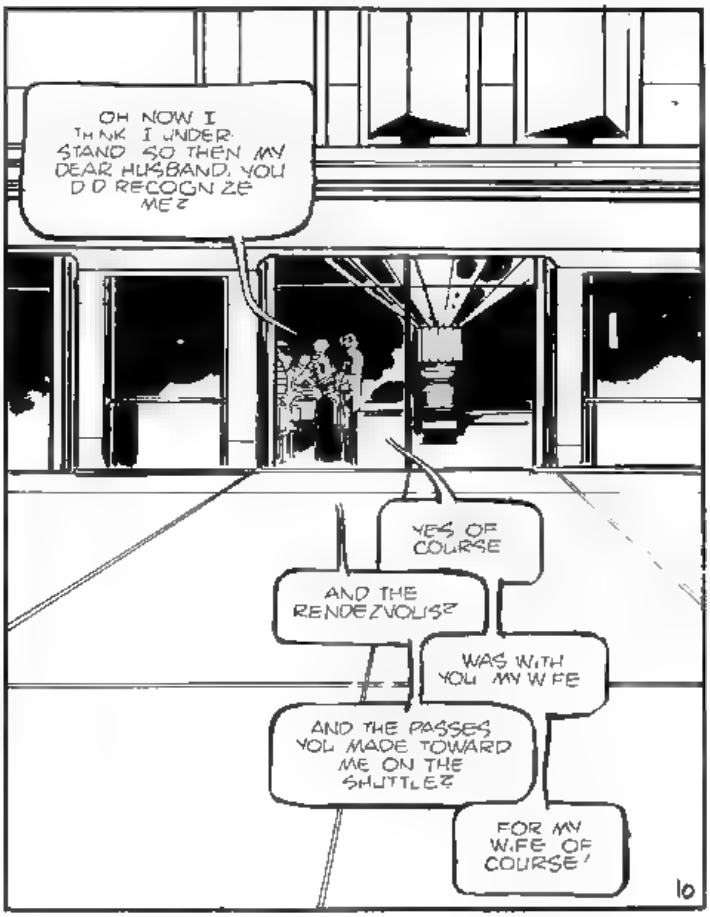

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE?
IT'S REALLY QUITE INTERESTING. THE TECHNO-IMPERSONATOR NAP !!! WAS CONCERNED ABOUT A POSS BLE BREAK BETWEEN THE FEDERATION AND NEW CASSIOPEIA. HE ORDERED HIS ENTIRE DELEGATION TO GO BACK TO THE SOL-SYSTEM. BUT IN THE EVENT SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN, HIS INSTRUCTIONS ADAMANTLY STIPULATED THAT THE REAL MR DE SALLANCHES SHOULD REMAIN SECRETLY IN SERVICE, WHILE A DOUBLE TOOK HIS PLACE ON BOARD WITH THE REST OF HIS MAJESTY'S ENTOURAGE
OH MY WORD I'VE BEEN, COMPROMISED' THIS IS UNSPEAKABLE' I
HENRIETTA' GOOD HEAVENS' A SHORT CIRCUIT'
I'LL GO AND GET THE FIRST-AID KIT
WHERE AM I? AHHH THIS IS JUST HORRIBLE FIRST THIS MAN, THEN NAQUET MY REPUTATION, NOT TO MENTION MY HEART HAS BEEN PERMANENTLY TARNISHED I MUST GET OUT OF HERE
I'LL CALL A SHUTTLE WE'LL TAKE THE FIRST SHIP THAT LEAVES FOR THE SOL SYSTEM
THERE HE IS' THAT ODIOUS CHARACTER
SIR I HAVE JUST LEARNED THAT
WHAT? YOU KNOW?
DE NOIRMONT MUST HAVE SAID SOMETHING I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THIS. AH, MADEMOISELLE MY WIFE
YES IT IS TRUE. NOW THAT MY MISSION IS COMPLETE, I CAN TELL YOU I AM NOT THE REAL MR DE SALLANCHES
QUIET' YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WIFE OF MR DE SALLANCHES
8

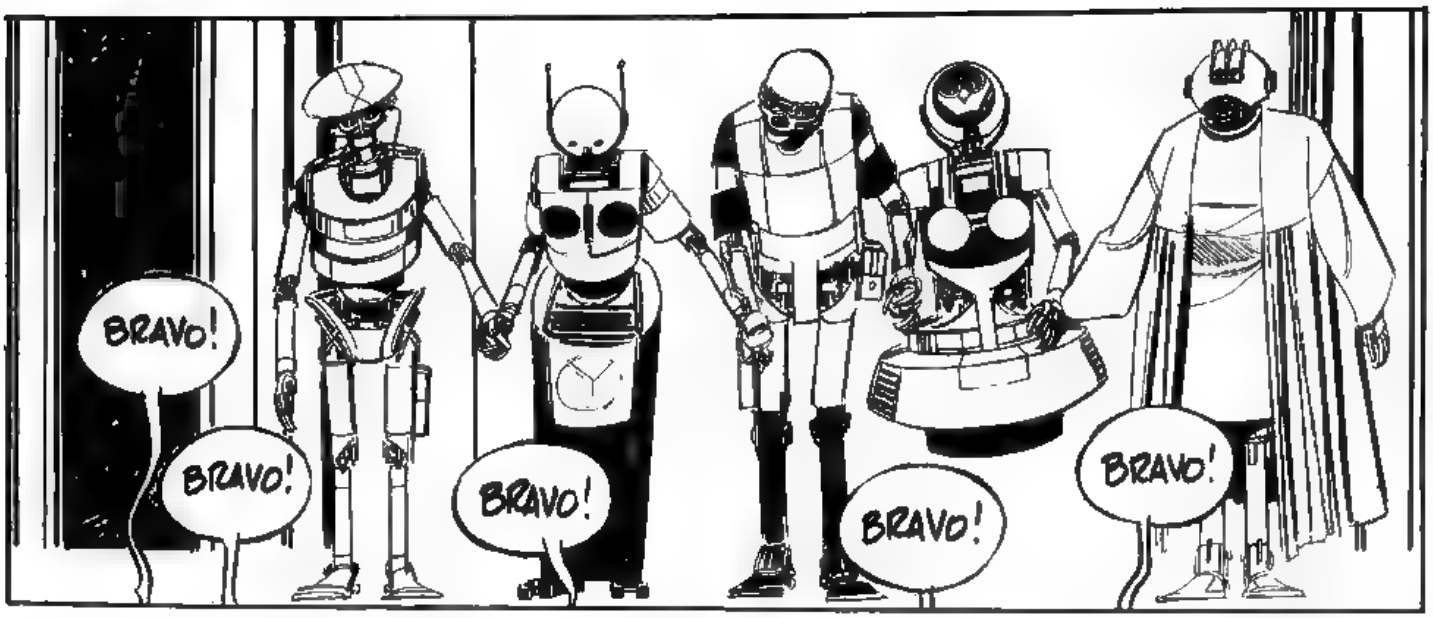
WHAT???
MUST SOUND CONVINC-NG!
YOU' YOU ARE THE WIFE OF MY FRIEND, OF MY BENEFACTOR?? OH, MADEMOISELLE ERR MADAME, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? I HAD A DIPLOMATIC REASON FOR LYING TO YOU, BUT YOU HAD NO REASON AND I THOUGHT YOU TRULY CARED ABOUT ME
SIR!
AND BESIDES THAT, YOU ALSO ENCOURAGED THE GAL-LANTRIES OF A LOVER
ENOUGH I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANYMORE
I SHALL OBEY YOUR WISHES, MRS DE SALLANCHES BUT BEFORE I GO LET ME SHOW YOU THIS HOLOPORTRA T OF YOUR HUSBAND
IS THAT TROUBLEMAKER STILL AROUND?
THE SHUTTLE IS READY TO DEPART, MY DEAR NIECE SHALL WE GO?
YOUR N'ECE ?
SHHH INDEED, A HOLO-GRAM PORTRA T CAN I
AH!
EDWARD FORGIVE ME!
MY DEAR HENRIETTA!
WHAT'S GO NG ON HERE?
9

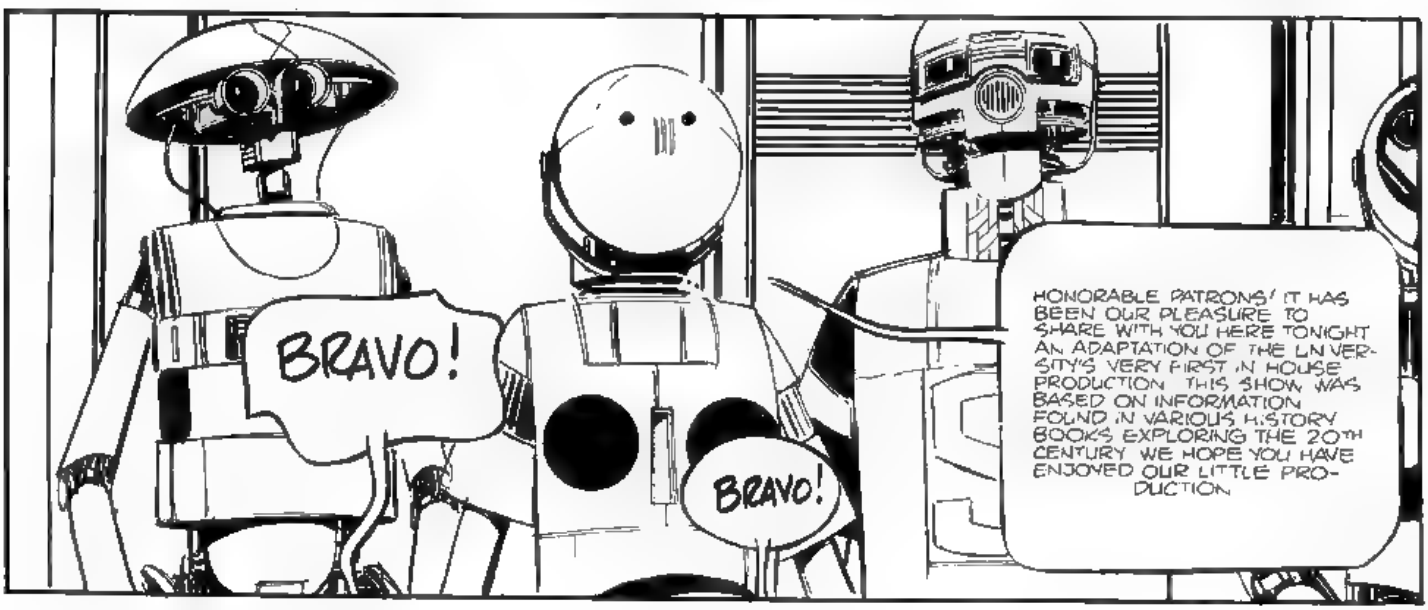

WHAT'S GOING ON MY DEAR UNCLE, IS THAT WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS MAY I ASK FOR THE HAND

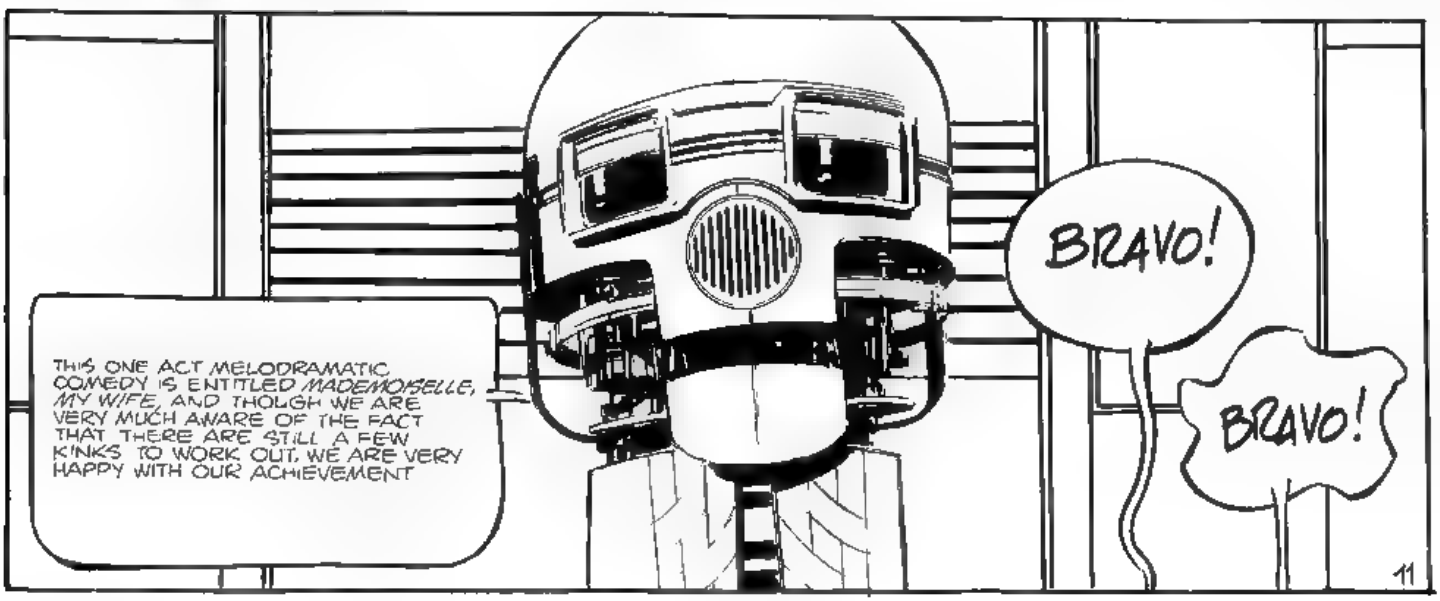
BUT SIR
OF MY WIFE


HIS WIFE! IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE THIS TO ME? MY OWN COUSIN BETRAYED ME
I PROMISED TO KEEP THE SECRET BUT I HAD TO TELL IT ONCE I SAW WHAT WAS GOING ON

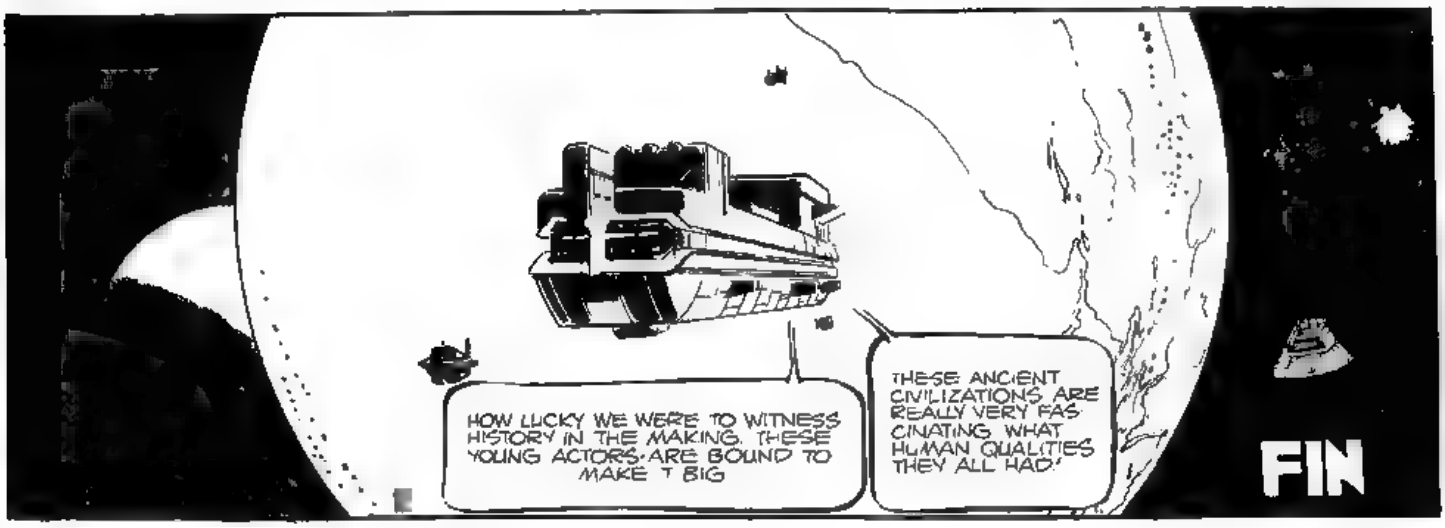

OH NOW I THINK I UNDERSTAND SO THEN MY DEAR HUSBAND, YOU DID RECOGNIZE ME?
YES OF COURSE
AND THE RENDEZVOUS?
WAS WITH YOU MY WIFE
AND THE PASSES YOU MADE TOWARD ME ON THE SHUTTLE?
FOR MY WIFE OF COURSE!
10


BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
BRAVO!

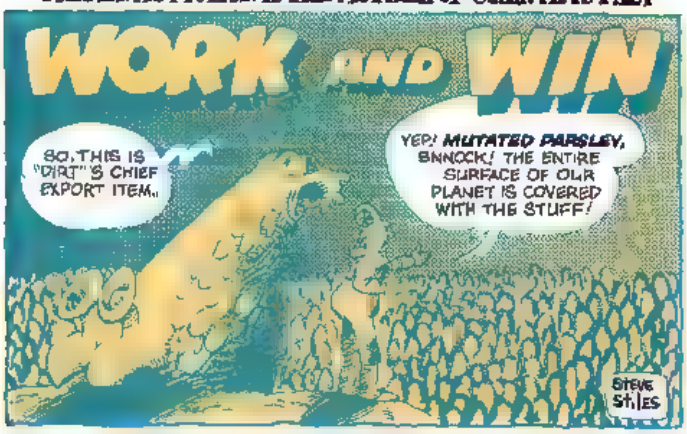

BRAVO!
BRAVO!
HONORABLE PATRONS! IT HAS BEEN OUR PLEASURE TO SHARE WITH YOU HERE TONIGHT AN ADAPTATION OF THE UNIVERSITY'S VERY FIRST IN HOUSE PRODUCTION. THIS SHOW WAS BASED ON INFORMATION FOUND IN VARIOUS HISTORY BOOKS EXPLORING THE 20TH CENTURY. WE HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED OUR LITTLE PRODUCTION

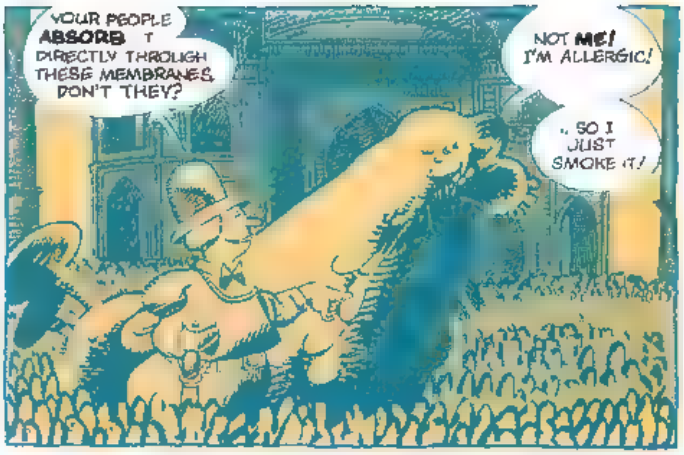

THIS ONE ACT MELODRAMATIC COMEDY IS ENTITLED *MADEMOISELLE, MY WIFE*, AND THOUGH WE ARE VERY MUCH AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THERE ARE STILL A FEW KINKS TO WORK OUT, WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH OUR ACHIEVEMENT
BRAVO!
BRAVO!
11

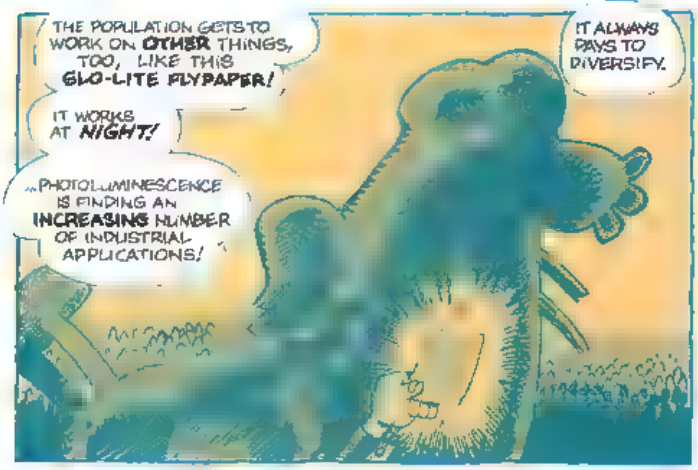
A VERY ADMIRABLE UNDERTAKING.
I GOT LOST, ONCE. SHE BECAME HIS NIECE
AN INTERESTING BIT OF HISTORY, THOUGH I AM GLAD TO SEE WE HAVEN'T GONE THE SAME ROUTE
THE TROUPE WAS ATTENTIVE AND WELL VERSED. THIS PLAY HAS MARKED A TERRIFIC FIRST ACHIEVEMENT

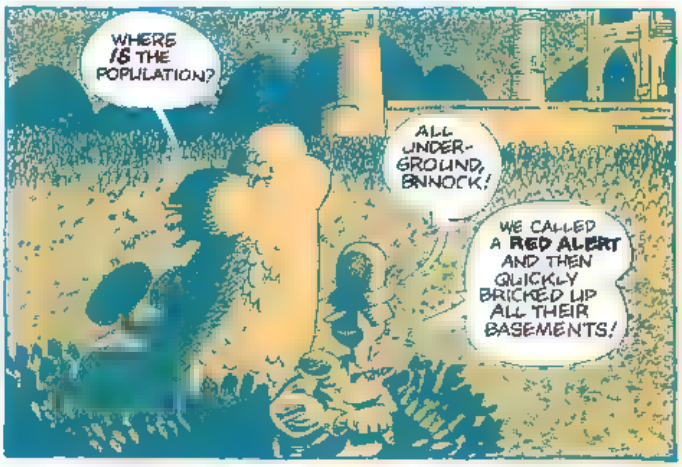

HOW LUCKY WE WERE TO WITNESS HISTORY IN THE MAKING. THESE YOUNG ACTORS ARE BOUND TO MAKE IT BIG
THESE ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS ARE REALLY VERY FASCINATING. WHAT HUMAN QUALITIES THEY ALL HAD!
FIN

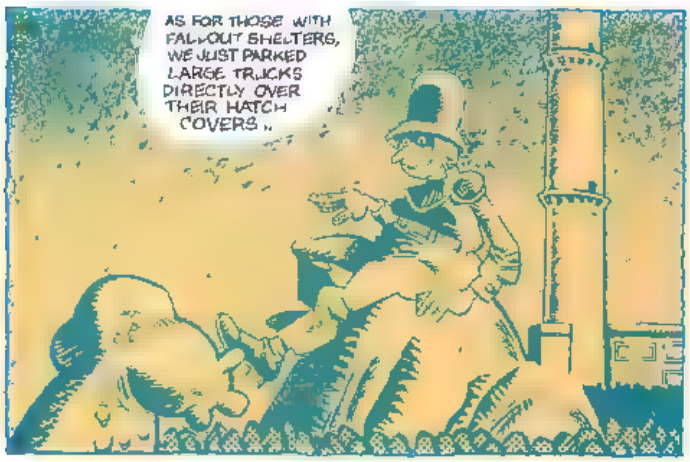
PROPHETIC FICTION IS THE MOTHER OF SCIENTIFIC FACT


WORK AND WIN
SO, THIS IS "DIRT"'S CHIEF EXPORT ITEM..
YEP! MUTATED PARSLEY, BNNOCK! THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF OUR PLANET IS COVERED WITH THE STUFF!
STEVE STILES

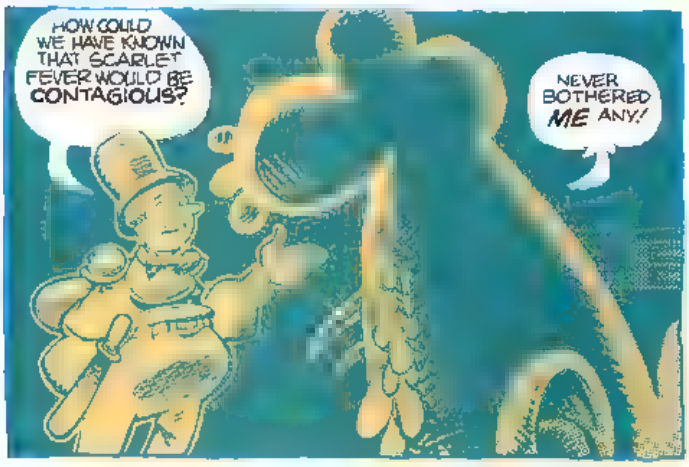


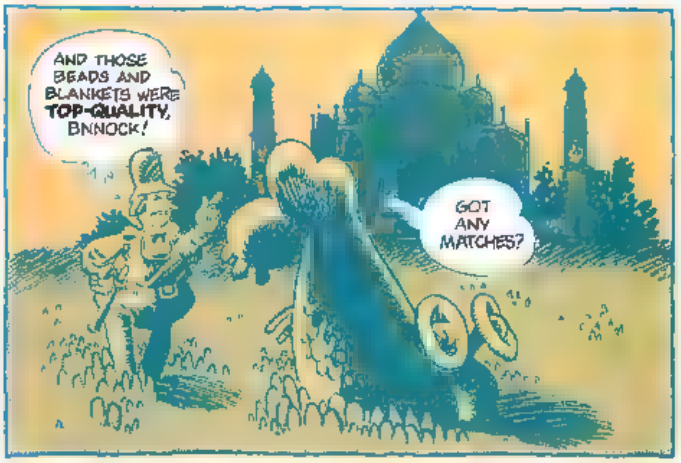

THE POPULATION GETS TO WORK ON OTHER THINGS, TOO, LIKE THIS GLO-LITE FLYPAPER!
IT WORKS AT NIGHT!
..PHOTOLUMINESCENCE IS FINDING AN INCREASING NUMBER OF INDUSTRIAL APPLICATIONS!
IT ALWAYS PAYS TO DIVERSIFY.





I SEE. IT'S LUCKY EVERYBODY IS UNDERGROUND, INSOMUCH AS DIRT IS AT WAR WITH TWO GALACTIC EMPIRES AND THE DREAD EPSILON VI CONFEDERATION!
FIRST CONTACTS CAN REALLY BE A BITCH, BNNOCK!





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SWAP!
CRACK
CHOMP!
AAAAAAUGH!
STOP! I'll get them for you
GONE! They're gone Scon
DeD II
Don and Kalh have b d farewel to Neverwhere and departed for Earth Meanwhile old Zeg has been confronted by the evil queen who s search ng for the Nar stones

DEN II ©1981 Richard Corben

I've had it with you, Zeg.
GET OUT!
AND STAY OUT
RASH
Your Majesty
Just a moment
THUDGH
Yes?
The floating island is secured. There are no men aboard.
The stones aren't here. Burn the place. We'll track down whoever took them.

Look! There he s I told you he would lose his way and end up in Muvovum

YOOOO! Master Tarn, are you all right?
Moda, Taz! Thank God, you've come. This damned flyer gave out on me.

Lord Zeg and Master Scon will be very happy to see you re unharmed.
They' l have to wait a while longer to see me, but Lomb, Taz, and Greb can reassure them
Sir?

Moda, you will accompany me to Muutaron The other three can share two horses returning to Zegium.
But sir
It s an order. By your oath of loyalty to my grandfather and to my father, you must obey

Excuse me, Master Tarn, the way to Muutaron continues east another day before turning north. This way leads only deeper into Muvovum.
Nonsense! Even you servants persist in treating me like a child. I know the way to Muutaron.

Damn it sir that's the last of the water
How many days, Moda?
Three days since we made that wrong turn you fool
MODA?
We're way out of known territory thanks to you. I'm leaving you now. I'm going to try to find the trail. If you're smart, you'll follow.
Wait! I can't go on I've got to rest
C'mere! You gotta get me out of this.
WOUGH!

To be continued

. . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

Heavy Metal is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining . . . and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like _____ *Heavy Metal* jackets, ___sm. ___med. ___lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not _____ *HM* T-shirts, ___sm. ___med. ___lge. / ___red ___black, at $6.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

MARS ATTACKS!

Death and Bubble Gum from Above

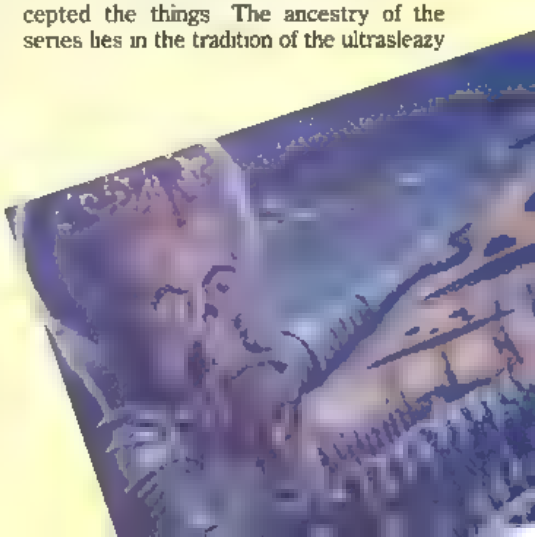
Illustration by Rick Lovelace

by Lou Stathis

I remember these sick things. Chances are good that most of you—even those old enough to have caught their initial appearance—don't. And if you do, you sure as hell wouldn't admit it. Lurid packages of *Mars Attacks!* cards first turned up, with a suddenness befitting their content, on a local candy-store counter sometime near the passing of my first Earthly decade. Seeing them again for the first time in twenty years, I find I'm a bit taken aback by their graphic brutality and relentless, unrestrained xenophobia. But to a bent-brained adolescent routinely frenzy-cranked by girl chewing cinematic reptiles (and bored comatose by the static-tableau, polite formalism of baseball cards), they were hot stuff, exciting in me and my similarly twisted cronies a near-prurient, breathless awe

That same sensitive nerve was touched in artist Rick Lovelace. A third grader when the cards hit the stores, Rick collected a complete set and, unlike the rest of us foolish mortals, hung on to the things long after they were forgotten. Rick rediscovered the cards while he was a student at the San Francisco Art Institute in the early seventies, as he was combing his image bank in search of a potent death/destruction symbol. He recalls, "I came to the number two card, with the huge Martian head, and it just struck me immediately as the perfect icon for fear, terror, and death." Lovelace found that not many kids of his generation remembered the cards, while the few who did were blown away to see them again. After some legwork, Rick discovered that the cards hadn't penetrated the cultural psyche nearly as deeply as they had his own head, thanks to a clamorous negative reaction from distributors, retailers, and parents who discovered their little innocents cackling gleefully over smashed skulls and incinerated corpses.

"The terror and violence were actually pretty secondary in my attraction to the cards," Lovelace says. "It was more the flamboyant colors, and the humor—I thought the Martians were real funny guys. I was totally unaware of the sexual overtones of the violence." The pop-cultural context from which the cards emerged was instrumental in the natural way kids accepted the things. The ancestry of the series lies in the tradition of the ultrasleazy



pulp magazines, a form birthed in the twenties with such "under the counter" titles as *Saucy Stories* and *Pep*, openly erupting —like adolescent acne—with the 1934 appearance of *Spicy Detective* and its host of similarly seasoned, lingerie-obsessed sister publications (*Detective*, *Western*, *Mystery*, et cetera). Popular Publications' group of *Horror Stories*, *Terror Tales*, and *Dime Mystery* soon added torture, sadism, and droolingly detailed body mutilation to the brew, while sf rags like *Startling Planet Stories*, and *Marvel Science Stories* served up a steady wartime diet of scantily clad females menaced by sex-crazed monsters. The Sleaze Banner passed on to the comics after the pulps' demise, waving high and free until the neurotically protective Comics Code Authority cut it down in the mid fifties.

Life for the thrill-thirsty preteenager became damn dull after that. There we were, bottle-fed on the likes of "The Twilight Zone," *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman*, and *I Married a Monster from Outer Space*; drilled repeatedly in school for the advent of nuclear attack; and ever vigilant against the leering visage of communists behind every plot—and we were supposed to get our kicks from the wimpshit likes of Superman and Batman? No way. Enter *Mars Attacks!* cards, sexless enough to pass preliminary muster as kids' stuff, but far more explicitly violent than the tight-assed Code allowed in the pages of comic books (still...). Where else could a clean-living kid get his hands on such titillating savagery as "Burning Flesh," "Smashing the Enemy," and "Destroying a Dog" (the fiends!)? This was the real thing, dangled like a lure to snare the fickle attention of jaded juvenile TV babies such as myself. This was conflict, graphic and simple, dramatically reduced to one essential image: fifty-five frozen moments of crisis survival, joined by a frightening, powerful narrative sequence —like fifty-five pulp-magazine covers, each with a vignette behind it, each with only part of the whole story. Continuity trimmed of comic-book padding; no buildup and no heroes who always emerged from adversity unscathed. Meat only: the immediate gratification of a sucker punch with a delivery less subtle than a Bowery hooker's come-on.

The artist hired for the job by the Topps trading-card company (who published them as "Bubbles, Inc.," probably to avoid any association of their wholesome baseball cards with these satanic atrocities) was Norman Saunders, a veteran pulpster (now dead) whose cover work had appeared at least as early as the premier issue of *Marvel Science Stories* in 1938 (E. C. Comics great Wally Wood apparently did some preliminary work). Saunders nicked the wrinkle-domed aliens from the film *This Island Earth*, modeled the ships after those in Harryhausen's *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers*, and borrowed much of the scenario from George Pal's adaptation of H. G. Wells's *War of the Worlds*.

The idea of a Martian invasion wasn't new, of course. It dated back at least to Nostradamus's sixteenth-century prediction of the event for 1999, and more recently to the 1898 Wells novel, Orson Welles's 1938 radio drama (itself legendary in the annals of alien-fear scenarios), and the monumentally paranoid *Invaders from Mars* (1953). What is it about the Red Planet that makes it such a powerful symbol of menace? Presumably, it begins with the mythic resonance (Mars=war god, for you sixth-grade dropouts) and rises to push all the contemporary, invading-race fear buttons lurking just beneath the surface of tense times. The post–World War II popular culture had already prepared us to accept this scenario. After the howling yellow hordes of suicidal Nips, the coldly inhuman, machine-efficient Nazi juggernaut, and the devious, mole-burrowing commie cancer, who on Earth remained for us to fear? Metaphorically, Mars is no farther away than Moscow, and to a nation obsessed with security and the preservation of a lifestyle, the sky becomes an unplumbed well of paranoid delusion.

It was precisely these images of fifties fear obsessions, serving the function of subconscious exorcism in the popular culture, that formed the satirical vocabulary of sixties camp. Mundane images, torn from their context and ballooned absurdly out of all proportion -a la Lichtenstein, Warhol, et al.—present an ironic commentary on the emotional subcurrents of more serious times. And this is the work to which Rick Lovelace puts the *Mars Attacks'* imagery, moving the natural step beyond collage into transforming the entire artwork into huge silkscreened prints, and altering the colors to suit his vision. Purple seems to be a favorite, its gauzy softness humorously counterpointing the cards' hard-edged garishness. Rick has also taken to hand-tinting the serigraph prints with an airbrush, occasionally using a stencil, but for the most part free-handing it. After forming his own screen-printing business, Vision Magic, in 1977, Rick began to arrange for the marketing of his prints. He's also set up an operation devoted to rescuing great pulp art from obscurity, called the Red Planet Project, establishing and exploiting the emerging interface between the pop and fine-art sensibilities. The prints—natch are for sale, and you can get more information about them and about future undertakings of the Red Planet Project by writing to Rick Lovelace, Red Planet Project, 2200 Adeline St., Suite 340, U.F. Oakland, CA 94607; or to The Will Stone Collection, 560 Sutter Street, Suite 201, San Francisco, CA 94102. Watch the skies.

2
MARTIANS APPRO
The long journey through space was over and t
were eager to start the attack. Finally at rest at
000 miles, the saucers awaited the instructi
base on Mars. Powerful weapons had been tr
weapons so destructive that Earth would
par. Centuries ago the Martians had lear
sun's energy. This solar energy now ope
that Mars used in its battles. Long ago
to build beautiful cities and ingenious
inventions. All this was changed now.
Earth was to be conquered.
SEE CARD 2
ATTACKING AN ARMY
COLLECT THE SET OF 55
36
DESTROYING A DOG
The Martians not only attacked the big cities, but also struck at
the less populated sections of the country. Frightened citizens had
to flee into the woods for safety or be burned with their homes.
The invaders would leave their saucers and search small caves,
looking for signs of the hiding families. In one cave, a Martian
found a group of six people huddled together in fear. Before the
invader could use his death weapon, a dog leaped up at the alien
The startled spaceman ran out of the cave, followed by the animal
and its young owner. The invader then
turned his deadly ray on the barking
dog, destroying it as the young boy cried
out in horror.
SEE CARD 37
OF 55 CARDS
17
BEA
Nothing seemed to
conducted their vigi
strong enough to w
were slicing throu
tenseless victims
lies without an
houses of wo
sanctuary to
zation becau
tians reign
HE BEAUTY
menacing invaders as they
out the world. No barrier was
ans powerful weapons which
it were a slab of butter. De
n during the night, leaving fam
d ones late. The aliens destroyed
terrified population without any
anic gripped the world and civili
the Mar
SEE CARD
"DESTROY THE
COLLECT THE SET OF
APER TUMBLES
n flames as hundreds of workers
scraper. The attack took place
before men and women were to
famines. Thousands of lives
hoping to escape the flaming
police completely helpless dur
where as the saucers continued
department was helpless because
their 35 gun on the city was
of the jammed roads New York City was
burning down and no one could do any
thing to help
32
ROBOT TERROR
The sound of metal vibrating through the city streets became an
announcement of impending disaster during the Martian invasion
Giant robots stalked the streets, destroying everything in its path
Moving slowly with a Martian working the controls, the steel
monster reached down and plucked terrified people off the side
captive in a death-like grip until
final squeeze. Powerful melting
left only rubble in their place. The
brick
down on
Hect on
MASHING THE ENEMY
the Martians in hand to hand combat on the
d city. Puny in size, the Martians weren't any
ysical strength with the powerful soldiers. The
lifted one of the aliens over their heads and
the air. Continually pouring forward and at
with knives and blunt instruments the Martians
er oxygen tanks. The superior fighting force
rtians were pushed further and further back
The Earthmen knew
in the city was the
ce. Their aim was
center
SEE CARD 51
CRUSHING THE MARTIANS
COLLECT THE SET OF 55 CARDS
13
WATCHING FROM MARS
From their observation post in the capitol city of Mars, the Martian
leaders excitedly watched the progress of the invasion against
Earth. Their advanced civilization had developed TV cameras which
were capable of sending pictures millions of miles through space
Through their long range tele viewers they watched the Earth's
cities being destroyed. Paris was crushed under the potent heat
rays from the saucers. London was immobilized as the Martians
stalked the streets seeking new victims
tures were demolished by the invaders
The Martian leaders were pleased with
what they saw and toasted the future
success of the invasion
Rome's historical struc
SEE CARD 14
CHARGED BY MARTIANS
T THE SET OF 55 CARDS
DE CHINA
ost frightening
bin a web from
would become
en spin a web
capable to any
n't see the web
ved to cut the
19
The Martian invad
streets of the c
aliens was easily
to withstand th
men ba

THE BOOK OF MOEBIUS

"Möbius strip /mə(r)b-ē-əs/ A one-sided surface that can be formed from a rectangular strip rotating one end 180° and attaching it to the other end."

Moebius strips. Pure enjoyment. A wonderment of fantastic images, specifically drawn for one's reading pleasure.

Heavy Metal is proud to present an extravaganza of **Moebius** material never before published in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a lust for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between **Moebius** and the noted film director **Alexandro Jodorowsky** (of *El Topo* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Incal" offers intrigue and espionage fumbled by a group of slightly confused agents

Afterwards **Moebius** invites us all to join him on his summer vacation, where he and his family come across some real oddballs.

We also witness the signing at **Wounded Knee** and check in to the **Grand Hotel**, an off-the-wall retreat where the happenings are goofy and sooo unpredictable.

Plus a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color, sixteen page display, you will see everything from movie posters to Gerald Ford (?!) to French science fiction book ads to Western chivalry to soft porn.

Introduced by **Federico Fellini**, this book explores **Moebius**'s multiple styles, a task never before undertaken by an American publisher.

So, pick up a copy for yourself and a couple of extras for stuffing Xmas stockings! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the **Moebius** aficionado or anybody who's looking for a good time.

Heavy Metal Dept. HM 282 635 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

Please send me _____ copies of *Moebius* at $2.95 each (plus 75¢ for postage and handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

Heavy Metal Dept. HM 282b 635 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

Please send a copy of *Moebius* to my buddies listed below. What a great idea for a Christmas gift. I have enclosed $2.95 for each copy, plus 75¢ for postage and handling.

Name _____ Name _____

Address _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do wish to order, but do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, please print all the necessary info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order.

I'M AGE
© J JONES 1981
OF COURSE IT'S TRUE
YOU EVER SEE ONE?
NO BUT THERE'S LOTS OF EVIDENCE FOR THE NORTHWESTERN BIGHEAD.
IT LEAVES TRACKS.
A MAN COULD HAVE DONE THAT
© JEFFREY JONES 1981

DOSSIER

Been for a ride on the subway recently? Noticed all those mini-headphones growing from people's heads? Commercially available for about two years, the Sony Walkman (and subsequent imitations) has transformed in-public listening habits more radically than anything since the bullhorn. No longer must innocent bystanders endure the plebeian musical tastes of urban mutants who obsessively mark their territory with sound like piss-spraying hounds. The perfect defense is an inoffensive offense, and leave it to the Japanese to come up with it—these things are polite to the point of solipsism, uniform yet totally adaptable to the needs of the individual and the perfect psychic armor against the rigors of rush-hour public transport. And now, even those of us laboring down on the technophobic peon sublevel can afford one (I just bought myself a play-and-record unit for $125!).

Now we've got cassette-only recorded music. The trend started a couple of seasons back in (where else?) the U.K., with releases by A Certain Ratio (*The Graveyard & the Ballroom* on Factory) and Rottenflogger Malcolm McClaren's current plaything *Bow Wow Wow* (the tedious "C30 C60 C90 Go!") and *Your Cassette Pet*, both EMI.

Yankee cassette-onlies premiered last spring, marketed by a new outfit called Reachout International Records. ROIR has released four tapes so far, all of a live and/or documentary nature. James Chance and the Contortions' *Live in New York* runs one minute short of an hour—and frankly that's too much for me. Chance's performances here lack the dynamic obnoxiousness that marks his best gigs and only occasionally follows him into a recording studio (check the seminal/unlistenable *No New York* anthology for the Contortions' best recorded moments). Chance's voice is so pathetic on numbers like "I Got You, I Feel Good" that you want to force-feed him watermelon rinds until he gives up his (James) Brown-Like-Me routine. *8 Eyed Spy Live*, while more essential as documentation, does little better than the Chance tape in the performance department. Lydia Lunch yelps and moans with all the allure of a hyena in heat, while the band struggles manfully to keep from drooling all over their instruments. *The Dictators Live: Fuck 'em If They Can't Take a Joke* makes it on all counts—superb recording, inimitable performance (the Handsomest Man in Rock 'n' Roll returns for a re-match!) and of course a scientifically proven concept. My fave tape of the lot, and R. (the King) Meltzer's liner notes an illuminating treatise on "The Spirit of Wrestling"—perfectly completes the package. Suicide's *Half Alive* mixes performance tapes with pre-Cambrian home-studio demos (yes, these ballet biters were doing this in 1970!). Historically significant chapters in this pioneering synth band's paradoxical existence—rock's most boring geniuses, or most dynamic losers? A definite contender for the time capsule, but I wouldn't recommend it for late-night subway runs. If you can't secure these things through your local retailer, write: ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 214, New York, NY 10012.

My current favorite pair of public-transport sound-track tapes includes the industrial psycho-trance metal of *Cabaret Voltaire Live at the Lyceum* (Rough Trade) and the British Electric Foundation's *Music for Stowaways* (Virgin import). With the Cabaret Voltaire (recorded on a Walkman for play-back on a Walkman) I can't tell whether the ripping aluminum noises are emanating from the headphones or from a derailed IRT mankiller bearing down on my back. Music that perfectly merges with my environment, lulling me with a primal Henry Ford beat. The B.E.F. tape (put together by half of the old Human League) mixes mean-choly twilight-of-civilization music with viciously insidious programmed disco, like the clack-clack of a Metrolner on amyl nitrate.

Next: I'm waiting to pick up the perfect Walkman tape: one that reflects no other reality but the one you're strolling through, an endless tape loop that's the spontaneous, reactive sound track to your life.

Lou Stathis

WALKMAN TERROR TALES

BUS STOP
NOTE
ENVIRONMENT
THEY ALIENATE US FROM OUR BODIES.
THEY ARE RECEIVERS FOR ALIEN MIND CONTROL
BRAIN CELLS.
THEY CAUSE AN INCURABLE ADDICTION TO M
THEY CAUSE IRREPARABLE PHYSICAL DAMAGE
ARE CHARACTERS IN A GRADE B MUSICAL.
THE WAY. GOT ANY SPARE TAPES?

Illustration by Steve Stiles

Inter-Videous

You can be private in public with films, or private in private with books. Home videocassettes give you both options plus a few more—such as a selective audience if you want to go public, or audiovisuals if you choose to go private. With all of these options, you can grow extremely close to your home videos.

Devo's future as fact music has always been visualized in a challenging conceptual fashion that has made them masters of the promotional video. *Devo-vision: The Men Who Make the Music* (Warner Home Video) is the first full-length collection on videocassette of their de-evolution philosophy, in the form of a fifty-five-minute stockholder's report by pentago phaser-blaster General Boy, spokesperson for Devo, Inc. The narrative segments and conceptual music-videos bring the *Devo-vision* theories of techno wonder and corporate sloganism into riveting focus, but the intercut concert segments—where the Devo creature evolves—seem already obsolete. Another linkup to the concept of this pioneer video is the band's decision to invest in recombinant-DNA labs—a fascinating premise for a sequel.

Although Gary Numan's home video release *The Touring Principle 79* (Warner Home Video) is almost entirely a concert video, the environment looks more like a spaceship's engines than the stage of London's Hammersmith Odeon. Pop futurist Numan doesn't use concept, just atmosphere, as he performs in blasts amidst two twirling pyramid companions, glowing neon plexiglass, and his former band, Tubeway Army. Like a man alone on a moon walk longing for a woman back home, Numan juxtaposes an impassive face and depersonalized music with hurt lyrics to create a warm electronic video.

The premise of a compilation of NASA and National Archives footage of space exploration—which is available to almost anyone for free—was insulting as a movie when Virgin Films released *Space Movie* (1980, Warner Home Video) to the midnight-movie houses. But as home video, it works as an effect. Even without a high-resolution large screen TV, seeing space as we've seen it with our eyes can still dazzle. Rather than constricting our sense of the universe, it makes unknown space seem even more infinite. Although Mike Oldfield's score is sometimes too "spacey" (try adding your own sound track), and the patriotic news footage is distracting (edit), this video successfully documents our visual experience with space.

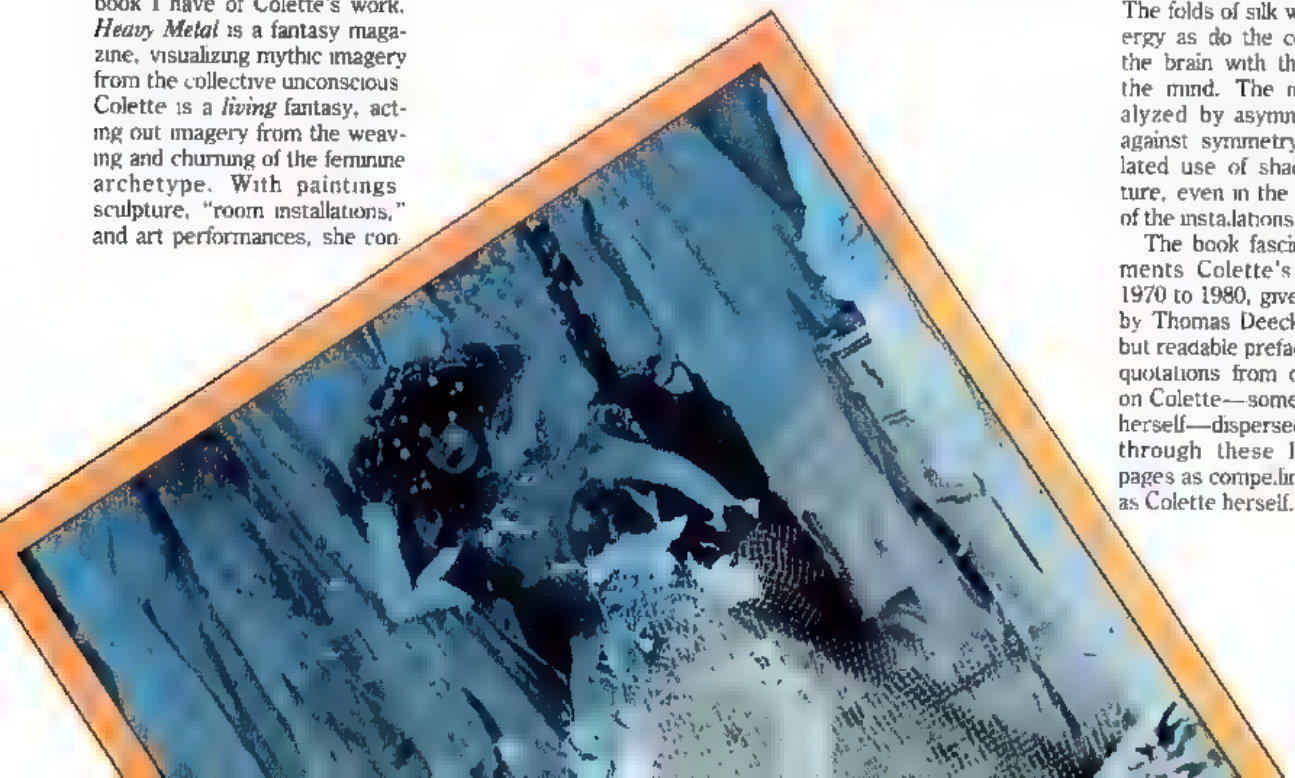
Science fiction themes of distorted reality and romantic alienation permeate Dire Straits' *Making Movies* (1980, Warner Home Video). An impressionistic visual interpretation of three of the group's songs in which they appear only briefly (wisely, since they are static performers), the video is a work of future art. Painted in a glaring white environment, it is neither concept nor concert but images. Despite the lack of depth in their music, Dire Straits and director-conceptualist Lester Bookbinder have established some new boundaries for rock video.

But remember, although these Warner Home Videos are available only for sale now, by next year they'll probably be only for rent. Onward to the phosphorescent future.

—Alan D. Hecht

Fabric Fantasy

Colette (Giancarlo Politi Editore, Milano, Italy—available through *Flash Art* magazine) is the first book entirely concerned with the work of the French environmental artist Colette. Though inadequate because it's a small black and white book, it is exquisite because it is the *only* book I have of Colette's work. *Heavy Metal* is a fantasy magazine, visualizing mythic imagery from the collective unconscious. Colette is a *living* fantasy, acting out imagery from the weaving and churning of the feminine archetype. With paintings, sculpture, "room installations," and art performances, she confronts the viewer with a pulsing, breathing artistic reality. Her room installations, using intricately convoluted folds of silk as well as mirrors, audios, ribbons, birds, and fluorescent lights, compound "the vibrations of the space given" into a three-dimensional organism of form. It is as if she takes the native vibrations of the room and makes them material, amplifying the viewer's sense of hidden anatomy, unifying the disparate elements of the environment.



Sometimes Colette herself is physically part of the exhibits—she has appeared at the Whitney and numerous other galleries—but even when she's not there in person, the work exudes a sense of performance. The folds of silk writhe with energy as do the convolutions of the brain with the energies of the mind. The motion is catalyzed by asymmetry flowing against symmetry, by a calculated use of shadow and texture, even in the most abstract of the installations.

The book fascinatingly documents Colette's career from 1970 to 1980, given perspective by Thomas Deecke's extensive but readable preface and various quotations from other writings on Colette—some from Colette herself—dispersed strategically through these living pages, pages as compelling and sensual as Colette herself.

–John Shirley

LEFT MY ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco rises and falls as America's West Coast equivalent of New York's Greenwich Village. Sure, there are lots of rich people there on Nob Hill, but whom would you rather think about, Jack Kerouac or the rich and boring? When punk drifted westward, the West Coasters injected their own peculiar brand of enthusiasm into it. Down south L.A. way, it was media-fied punk (visibly shallow rage onstage), while those northerners took a more serious new-wave approach.

And along with all the emergent record companies, clubs and stylized bands came a wealth of avant-garde poster art, which graces the pages of *Street Art—The Punk Poster in San Francisco 1977-1981* (The Last Gasp of San Francisco, Berkeley, CA 94704). Though too localized and incomplete, this retrospective fully states the implications of this art. The book effectively arranges enough of the poster art in chronological order (by years and bands) to give force to the visuals' presence. Much of the work is compelling and noteworthy but occasionally is amateurish. In spite of making some serious comments that distract from the punch and irony of these works, *Street Art* more than documents; it augments the new-wave music scene.

Re/Search magazine does more than augment the new-wave scene, it serves to ratify it ideologically, as did its predecessor *Search And Destroy*. But it does so while setting out, seemingly, to be America's foremost continuing journal of primitive futurism. By mixing articles on cannibalism with ones on Sordide Sentimental (a French experimental music label), Fela Anikulapo Kuti (the African music star), and science fiction editor Vale acts as a funnel for the integration of the primitive with the futuristic in art forms of all sorts. This mag does more than report; it acts to establish a trend (or at least to follow up on the one defined by musician Jon Hassell as Fourth World ideas). Worth looking into: *Re/Search*, 20 Romolo B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

No one except Lawrence Ferlinghetti—long-standing poet laureate of beat and North Beach—could have assembled and codified a pictorial history of the unwieldy, influential literary history of San Francisco. But in *Literary San Francisco* (Harper & Row) Ferlinghetti and Nancy J. Peters successfully organize it into one terse volume. In the process, the link with the past, present, and future of bohemian literature remains firmly fixed, and although Ferlinghetti ignores new wave's place in it all, the historical connection remains.

No thoughts on the creative juices flowing from San Francisco should go unprinted without reflecting the underground comix industry, which spews forth such clever and tart pamphlets as the Jay Kinney-edited *Anarchy Comics* (Last Gasp). Already out with its third issue, *AC* capably mixes its medium with a serious political message, conveyed with a sense of humor long missing from both the left and the right sides of the political spectrum. The primary force behind it is Kinney himself, responsible for such stories as his collaborative (with Paul Mavrides) punk spoof "No Exit." What has made San Francisco the invigorating creative realm it has long been considered is the inhabitants' ability to lend each trend a peculiar stamp—even down to these sincerely political and serious funnies.

Brad Balfour

HOT TIME

Time Bandits is a kids' film for adults who have faced the adult world and beg to be made children again. This attractive fantasy is about Kevin, an English boy whose unhappy, middle-class, consumer-conscious home life is invaded one night by a pack of renegade dwarfs. Using a map "borrowed" from God, they travel through time and plunder the riches of various epochs. Sick of the greedy game-show mentality of his parents, Kevin joins the pack and becomes embroiled in adventures involving Napoleon Bonaparte, Robin Hood, the R.M.S. *Titanic*, and Evil (David Warner) itself. While these exploits are unreeled with enchanting verve by director Terry Gilliam, *Time Bandits* ultimately wanders astray from any guiding philosophy. Though Kevin is desolately unhappy with the real world, his imaginative odyssey with the dwarfs (who steal all but the kitchen sink—and *that* hasn't been invented yet in the places they visit) is no less materialistic than that world, nor is the opulent kingdom where he (briefly) finds true happiness as the adopted son of a king. This thematic disunity shines especially brightly in a quirky Sherwood Forest episode, as a smirkingly fey Robin Hood (John Cleese) divvies the dwarfs' loot with the poor. "Awfter awll," he fawns, "it *does* seem to make them less unhappy and also, well, less *poor*!" With everyone on the take, *Time Bandits* paints a monotonous portrait of adulthood, offering no solution at its conclusion other than nullity and obliteration.

Time Bandits conspicuously owes much to *The Wizard of Oz* (1939) but fails to duplicate that film's most important signature: its conclusive reduction to a simple, illustrative message, "There's no place like home." Such nonsense would never be tolerated in a 1981 children's film, *Time Bandits* seems to say, but it can't offer its own audience a message even *half* that sophisticated.

—Timothy R. Lucas

Oh You Kid!

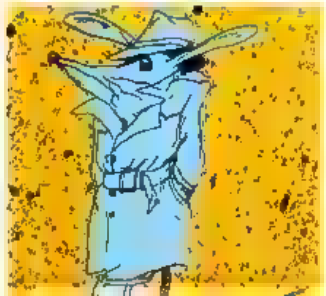
We are in an age where Dick doesn't "see" Jane without discussing it with his analyst first. Spot doesn't "run" after his ball; he jogs.

In this day of large-print editions of Proust and Nietzsche, there is a much needed influx of real honest-to-god fantasy books for children. Now more than ever, publishers are hyping the slick, full-color approach to storytelling, which, though expensive, makes it a pleasure to read what otherwise might be trite retreadings of classic fairy tales. A coming trend in kids' books today boasts a distinct blend of maturity with innocence: nothing too heavy, sometimes a bit naive, but a whole lot of fun. Kit Williams's *Masquerade* (Mayflower Books) and Ralph Steadman and Bernard Stone's *Inspector Mouse* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) exemplify this balance.

Through jingles, hidden rabbits, and fortunes lost, *Masquerade*'s reader becomes engrossed in a brain-picking treasure hunt. Williams has actually hidden a solid gold necklace—a rabbit-shaped pendant in the image of our hero—somewhere in Britain. "Easy," you say. "It's only a kids' book!" Forget it! You might not find the treasure at the end of the rainbow, but the book's lyrical text and the splendid Escher-like imagery are worth all the hare pulling.

When the cheese cellar is raided at a neighborhood shop, Inspector Mouse is called in to investigate. Steadman and Stone's tale is a tongue-in-cheek *Casablanca*-esque detective spoof, right down to the very last "Play it again, Toothy." The lighthearted text and Steadman's maniacal, sketchy style make a perfect combination of credulity and just plain fun. And that's A-OK with me.

—Julie Summons Lynch



Publishing Peril

In this era it is possible for an unknown science-fiction writer to be hyped into instant superstardom with an early novel, as long as it is a stirring science-fiction saga of the dragon-ridden starways and forced down the demographic throat of the audience which has recently graduated from *Star Wars*. It is paradoxically much easier than it used to be for a first novel of genuine literary promise to be published without a ripple.

Here are three of them. *The Man in the Darksuit*, by Dennis R. Caro (Pocket Books), is a kind of fairly-near future thriller, written as if Caro were Robert Sheckley heavily under the influence of Philip K. Dick; in other words, written with irony, wit, and some psychic depth as if by a practiced novelist well in command of what he is doing.

Somtow Sucharitkul's *Starship & Haiku* (Timescape) may not be quite as polished, but it is much weirder, in a positive sense. An end-of-the world novel of utterly unique conception, the book is informed and enriched by Sucharitkul's cross-cultural connections and inhabited by a cast of admirably unstereotyped characters.

Tintagel, by Paul H. Cook (Berkley), is perhaps the most mature work of the three, a political and psychological novel set partly in high circles. Cook renders the characters with sympathy and psychological depth, captures the political levels with a sense of reality, and illuminates the whole with a certain sense of suspicion.

In other words, here are three first novels of maturity, wit, original conception, sophistication, and some literary ambition, likely to be enjoyed by intelligent adult science-fiction readers. So why do they languish in relative obscurity while crudely written science-fiction novels and fantasies endlessly cloned from each other can put new writers' names up in lights?

Could it be that publishers no longer believe that science-fiction novels written to please intelligent adults have as large an audience as well-designed cult objects keyed in to capturing the same audience that made George Lucas a superstar? Could it be that by believing this they have made it so? Or could it just be that they are right?

Norman Spinrad

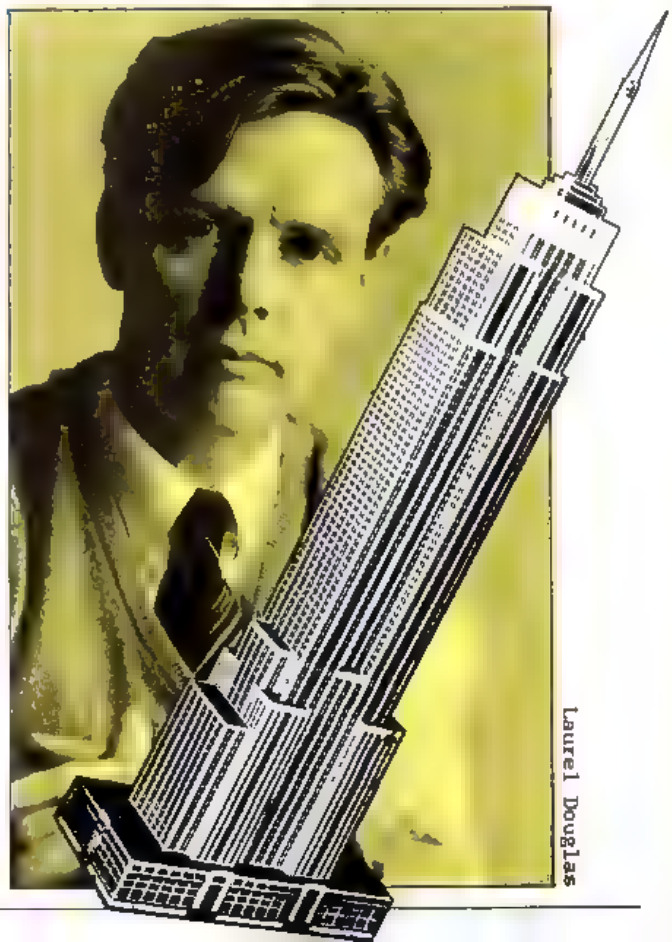
CITY STOMP

The city of New York cowers beneath you. With one swoop of your hand, you topple the Chrysler Building. You squeeze the tip of the Empire State Building and it crumbles in your powerful grip. With one stomp of your foot, you bring the Brooklyn Bridge to ruins. No, you have not been exposed to nuclear radiation nor grown a mile tall. But if you ever wanted to be the Amazing Colossal Man or the Fifty-Foot Woman, this is your opportunity to do so without tearing your clothes. The Gotham skyline is provided by graphic designer Alan Rose's *The World at Your Feet*, a series of paper reproductions scaled 350 to 1, issued by Putnam Books. Each book houses an introduction explaining the landmark's history and significant features.

Although clear instructions come with each of the authentically detailed and fully colored models, you're free to place the roof of the Taj Mahal on the Sears Tower, thus discovering your architectural talents. Or how about city planning: would you like to see the Eiffel Tower on the same street with Westminster Abbey? Turn your apartment into a self-contained urban landscape.

Feeling overwhelmed by city life? Using Rose's reproductions, grab your chance to overpower the city.

—Steven Maloff



Laurel Douglas

A few words from the media about HEAVY METAL:
"...electrifying science fiction and fantasy"
"a visual feast"
"...lurid and erotic graphics"
"...a step beyond science fiction"
"...lavish and richly imaginative imagery"
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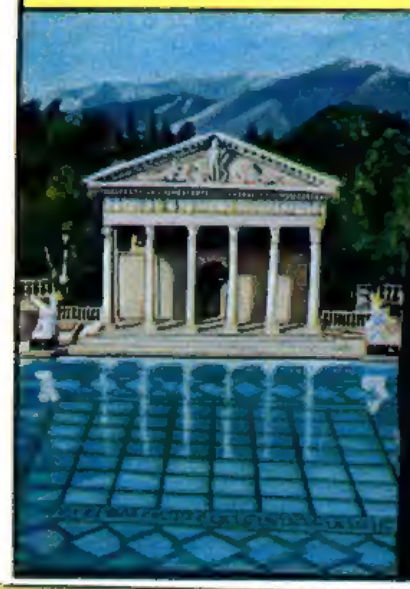
For millions--maybe billions--of years we must have drifted through space, sealed inside the Space Skuttle...
Death, according to Bridey Murphy, is a little like being stuck inside a closet. Naked, pink, and vulnerable, frozen like popsicles to the temperature of space, we waited out the countless, uncounted hours inside our metal closet. Technically, we were dead--
--the phospholipids surrounding our ganglia had been destroyed, our epidermal cell walls had ruptured...
Yet somehow we emerged in dim, fitful dreams to enact incomprehensible scenarios.

Millennia might pass, galaxies grow old and die, civilizations come and go in the blink of an eye..none of this mattered. All I cared about was sex.
I drifted in the Dreamtime into a daisy chain of domestic routine-- Miss Hawaii, Miss Puerto Rico, Adeline James--
--the ship seemed to become an extension of my body, fertilizing the universe with its seed...
Something like this probably got the Myth of Creation started.

Then, after an eternity of frozen death-- a glare detected through bruised eyelids, a rush of light-- and the dreams of forever receded to dark, vague memories.
I was reborn into a world blazing with pain.
Ooooog...my breath-- it's terrible!
We're alive! We're alive!
Marty.... Adeline-- Where are we?
I think we're being kept alive by a race of superior creatures-- like in 2001!
What makes you think that?
Well, just look at all this Louis Quinze furniture--it's got to be some kind of trap!
Maybe we're in Miami Beach-- let's go take a look...
copyright 1982 Rod 'Corcoba' Kierkegaard, Jr.

We walked through the door into paradise.



The lenses of our eyes seemed to be smeared with Vaseline,

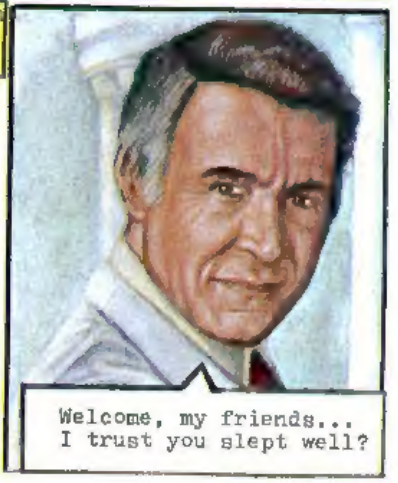
turning the sunlight into a fractured radiant glow, the trees and the buildings into gentle abstractions.

I could smell gardenia and the breath of the sea; I could hear the calls of jungle birds, as the Dallas Cheerleaders emerged from the pool...

Jesus, we <u>are</u> dead--we're in heaven!

For a moment, we stood still--then a tiny figure in a white tropical suit trotted toward us.

Bauth! Bauth! De pipple from de plane, Bauth!



Welcome, my friends... I trust you slept well?

To Be Continued

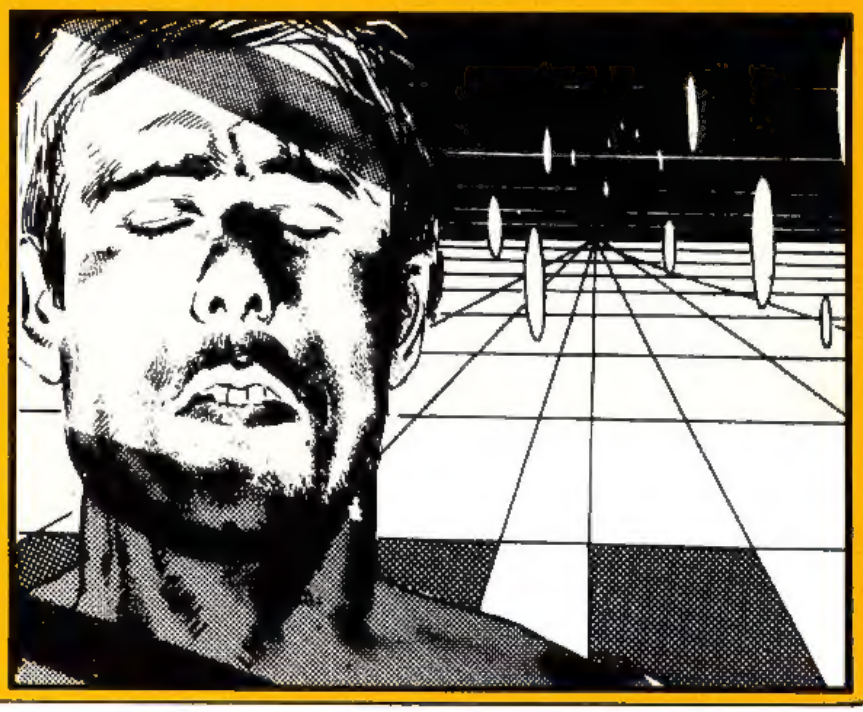
the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

What to expect in February...

If you happened upon *Heavy Metal*'s book of **Moebius**, you must have read his epic collaboration with film director **Jodorowsky** entitled "The Black Incal." You also might have noticed that the story didn't end exactly the way you might have liked. Beginning in February, *HM* will run the sequel to this comedic detective chase starring none other than that master of intrigue Mr. John Difool and his goofy feathered sidekick Deepo. You ain't seen nothing' yet!

Plus: **Fernando Fernandez**'s sensual strip "Zora," **Howard Chaykin**'s "Gideon Faust," and the continuations of **Segrelles**'s "The Mercenary" and **José Bea Font**'s "Tales of the Galactic Inn."



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The future is now–and in this very issue, featuring a pullout section on what to expect in the years to come!